

TWENTY CENTS

MARCH 23, 1953

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

MALENKOV

Enemies within, enemies without.

\$6.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXI NO. 12

*Introducing—the new, slim*

# Samsonite

## V.I.P.\* case



*doubles as a  
briefcase  
and overnight bag  
...and only*

**\$19<sup>50</sup>**  
Plus tax

Here's the best idea since the briefcase was invented...a slim business case with a cleverly-designed section for carrying clothes. The streamlined, yet rugged, VIP Case is both a briefcase and an overnight bag—at less than you'd expect to pay for either!

*\*for Very Important People*



One side of the VIP Case is a file for business papers. When used as a business case, a hinged divider locks securely over the clothing compartment so that its contents are not exposed.

The clothing compartment is scientifically designed to hold more than its slim good-looks would indicate...shirts, underwear, socks, ties...*everything* you need for an overnight trip.

The VIP Case is shown above in Saddle Tan. Also available in Colorado Brown, the smart new Natural Alligator Finish and Natural Rawhide Finish to match your Samsonite Luggage Set.

Shover Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado. Also makers of Samson Foldingway Tables and Chairs, Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan.

# B.F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire

## 5 YEARS AHEAD IN USE & PROOF

(Reprinted from New York Times, Feb. 8, 1948)

**TUBELESS TIRE that seals punctures invented by B.F. Goodrich!**



**THIS PICTURE OF A TIRE FULL OF NAILS, YET FULL OF AIR,** first appeared in a full page ad in *The New York Times* February 8, 1948. It gave people quite a start.

B. F. Goodrich was announcing invention of the first successful Tubeless Tire, 50-year goal of tire men, a tire that also sealed punctures. Later, blowout protection was demonstrated and a skid-defying tread developed to create the present BFG Life-Saver Tubeless Tire. Wondering about Tubeless Tires for your car?

Today nearly 2,000,000 BFG Tubeless Tires have been bought. The fact that the Life-Saver holds air without a tube and protects against punctures, blowouts and skids, has been proved again and again by thousands of motorists. And it costs less than a regular tire and any blowout-protecting tube.

A revolution in tire design is under way. The inner tube is on the way out. And the BFG Life-Saver Tubeless Tire is 5 years ahead in use and proof!



**BLOWOUT PROTECTION PROVED.** Instead of a tube, the Life-Saver has a patented lining that's part of the tire. In event of damage there's no sudden blowout (at left), only a small break in the liner, (right)—a s-s-slowdown that lets you stop safely, as tests in 1950 first proved.



**SKID PROTECTION PROVED.** The Life-Saver tread is cross-cut into thousands of tiny grip-blocks, spaced 16 to the inch. At 30 mph on wet roads, it stops you a car length quicker than regular tires, starts you faster—as demonstrations in 1952 first showed.



**PUNCTURE PROTECTION PROVED.** Typical example: M. B. Tremper of Newark, N.J., picked up "a couple dozen" long nails, didn't get a flat. A patented sealant plugs the holes. Find your BFG retailer in your phone book Yellow Pages. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

## ...it can be your **LIFE-SAVER**®

TUNE IN "THE BURNS AND ALLEN SHOW" CBS-TV

# America's





# New Railroad

*What's this surveyor doing? He's sighting on tomorrow ...  
clipping off an old curve ... clipping off the past ...*

It goes on day after day on the Santa Fe.  
Building new.

Till there's nothing left that's *old* today of the  
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe but the country  
and the song and the pride of its people!

**IN THE PAST 5 YEARS** ... Whole fleets of stream-  
lined trains replaced with finer streamlined  
trains ... Enough new track laid to more than  
reach from Chicago to Los Angeles ... Great  
new "hump" yards built to speed switching ...  
New roadbed, new rail and new ballast methods  
—for smoother, safer rides for goods and people.

**IN THE PAST YEAR** ... New freight stations,  
with new towveyors, at Chicago and San Fran-  
cisco ... Great new construction started to raise  
Santa Fe rails in Kansas and Missouri above  
the highest flood stage of recorded history.

**IN THIS YEAR** ... New micro-wave communica-  
tion system put in service between Galveston  
and Beaumont, Texas ... New freight classifica-  
tion yard will be opened at Belen, New Mexico.

**AND IN THE NEXT YEAR** ... More curves will be  
clipped, more grades reduced ... 119 new diesel  
units will go to work ... New modern diesel  
shops will be completed ... 3600 new freight  
cars will be placed in service ... New electronic  
communication and control equipment will be  
installed ... and El Capitan will be re-equipped  
with all new chair cars!

**AND IN THE NEXT 5 YEARS** ... New cars and  
whole new trains will be rolling on an ever *newer*,  
greater Santa Fe.

It costs Santa Fe millions (not one penny from  
the taxes you pay) to keep America's New Rail-  
road *growing newer every day*.



**PROGRESS THAT  
PAYS ITS OWN WAY**

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES



## Mister, let this G-E "Mechanical Maid" do your dishes... only

**\$3.82\***  
a week

Save your wife (and yourself) the drudgery of dishes, by getting a General Electric Dishwasher—the "Mechanical Maid"—that saves many women up to an hour a day. Only \$3.82\* a week, after small down payment (installation extra, but can be financed as part of the purchase)

\*Terms are based on manufacturers' recommended retail price, and credit terms available in most localities.



**Out of the kitchen in less than 10 minutes. So easy to load.** No tiresome bending. The G-E Undercounter Dishwasher glides out easily. (Saves valuable counter space.)

**No need to rinse.** Just brush loose food off the plates. Put dirty dishes in—pots and pans, too. Safely holds china and glasses. Big enough to hold (and store out of sight) a whole day's dishes for a family of four.



**Completely Automatic.** (1) Pre-rinses the dishes. (2) Fresh hot detergent-water "spray rubs" the dishes bright and clean. (3) Two separate rinses with fresh hot water. (4) Dishes fan-dried in heated air.

**The Kitchen is Always Clean.** You can pop dishes and kitchen utensils into the G-E Dishwasher as they get dirty. Wash them when you want.



**Helps guard family health.** Dishes are washed in water hotter than hands can stand, thanks to G.E.'s famous Calrod® heating unit. They're dried in fan-driven warm air. No dirty dish towels. Hygienically clean dishes can help to cut down spread of colds and other communicable diseases. Adds to the value of your home! See your dealers today for a demonstration! General Electric Co., Louisville 2, Kentucky.

DISHES WASHED, FAN-DRIED, OUT-OF-SIGHT—GENERAL ELECTRIC PRE-RINSING DISHWASHER

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

# FROM MAN TO MONKEY!

(or Evolution Backwards)

By Mr. Friendly



**W**HY does the mildest mouse-man feel  
Just like a bull behind a wheel?  
What's in a car that makes a guy  
Feel he is 8 to 10 feet high?

Why must he be so very rude . . .  
A well-bred ape would find him crude.  
A well-bred hog would simply say,  
"Heavens, must you act that way?"

("Plain bad driving manners" says Mr. Friendly,  
"will cause more than 2,000,000 people to be injured  
in 1953. To help cut down on this tragic toll, American  
Mutual offers a new issue of *Watch* magazine, entitled  
*The Rude, The Crude, The Rowdies On The Road!*"\*)

The point is this . . . there's nothing worse  
Than evolution in reverse;  
From man to monkey isn't far,  
Don't let it happen in your car.

## AMERICAN MUTUAL

Service from salaried representatives in 78 offices!  
Savings from regular substantial dividends!

©1953, AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY



### \*IMPORTANT NEW OFFER TO ALL DRIVERS!

For only 15¢ (to cover mailing costs) you get fully illustrated guide to highway safety, with cartoons, dramatic picture stories of why accidents happen due to discourtesy, and photos to show how to avoid them. Send for "The Rude, the Crude, the Rowdies on the Road." Write: Institute of Safer Living, American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., Dept. D-133, 142 Berkeley St., Boston 16, Mass.

## LETTERS

### Joachim's Children

Sir:  
Your presentation of "Journalism and Joachim's Children" in the March 9 issue is a service to Western civilization . . . Man's self-announced importance and his unrestrained freedom contain the elements of his destruction.

ROBERT T. HAUBRICK  
Rutherford Heights, Pa.

Sir:  
In the 30 years that I have been reading TIME, I do not remember an article that has pleased me more . . . It is good when journalists try to achieve an orientation that will make their presentation of facts sounder and their comments on events saner. However, it seems to me that the attack on Gnosticism is beside the point . . . In all matters that have to do with human beings we must get away from notions of absolutes, first of all, because they do not exist and, secondly, because they are used as brakes on human experience and progress . . . Such things as human rights—freedom and liberty—are manmade, and are unmade by man . . .

WM. EDW. ZEUCH

Los Angeles

Sir:  
Your intellectuality (Joachim's egghead children) was far too scrambled for this eggnoistic.

M. L. WALKER

New York City

Sir:  
Shame! Picking the bones of an old positivist like Comel! At the very least he got

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March 23, 1953

Volume LXI  
Number 12

TIME, MARCH 23, 1953



**Winthrop Shoes to be sure!**

\$8.95 to \$17.95, a few higher.

Write Dept. G for free style folder and name of nearest dealer.

Winthrop Shoe Company • Div. International Shoe Company • Saint Louis

Slip into comfort, step out in style in Winthrop Leisure-Mates . . . the ideal shoes for your idle moments. You'll find a wide variety of styles and leathers to choose from.

**Admiral**  
VALUES  
MAKE YOUR  
EYES  
POP!

SEE "CAPTAIN HOOK" IN  
WALT DISNEY'S MOVIE  
PETER PAN

Model 322DX16  
21" TV-Radio-Phono

**NOW is the time for Alligator**

THE COAT YOU'LL LIVE IN!



Now is the time to choose the Alligator coat you'll wear around the clock, around the calendar. Widest selection of superb gabardines, checks, fancy effects in variety of exclusive fabrics. Water repellent or waterproof processed. Yes, now is the time for your Alligator . . . from \$8.50 to \$59.75.



THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES





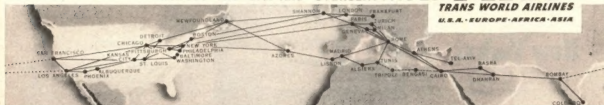
## Dad's *Favorite* chair

Comfort and complete relaxation! Dad's found both in his TWA Skyliner seat . . . and lots more. He's found the magic key to covering territory, arriving fresher and, quite often, first. Best of all—and how the family loves this—a Skyliner seat lets Dad spend most of his evenings where he wants to be most—in his *other* favorite chair . . . at home!



Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.

ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS . . . **FLY TWA**  
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES  
U.S.A. • EUROPE • AFRICA • ASIA







Gentlemen! Spring is in the air. The popping of corn is giving way to the popping of crocuses and soon the season's last heating bill will be but a memory. Gives a man ideas. Makes him want to do something about it all. The best treatment, by far, for this Easter feeling is a new suit. The Futura, for instance. This is a newly introduced worsted suit by Hart Schaffner and Marx. Just the thing

to make you feel that Spring has really arrived.

It is the fabric of the Futura that makes it so interesting. Special weaving techniques with names too long to mention have given the worsted what you might call a third-dimensional effect. There's a subdued background—tans, grays, blues. In and out of it, here and there, short lengths of yarn in contrasting colors appear and disappear. They add a touch of gaiety. An impression of depth, too. Best thing we can say is that Futura is setting the fashion trend. But better than any description is an inspection. Best thing you can do is to go and try one on, at your nearest Hart Schaffner and Marx dealer. That's when you'll notice what a difference impeccable tailoring and good fabric design can make.

©1953 Hart Schaffner & Marx

## We Balk at Jabberwocky Talk!

WE HAVE many, many exciting features we could describe in recommending the Hotel New Yorker to you—but not—we are not going off the deep end. Instead, we will sum them all up in this one easy-to-understand, easy-to-prove sentence: *If you stop here once you will come again because this is now New York's greatest hotel value!*

HOTEL  
**New Yorker**  
NEW YORK

Frank L. Andrews, President  
Gene Voti, General Manager

## Greatest TV achievement in years



magnificent  
**Magnavox**  
television

BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY

off the ground floor with his classification of thought into theological, metaphysical and positivist levels. TIME, still in the dark basement with a lot of other theologians, is trying to translate knowledge of the real world into dualistic mumbo jumbo. The most you can accomplish that way is to produce a few pages of high-sounding argument without once having to refer to reality . . . Come on, TIME, dig the culture concept and a little bit of scientific method if you want to play in the intellectual big leagues. You and Reinhold Niebuhr are sticking your heads into the same sandpile and waving your tailfeathers while the world goes by.

TED MERRILL

New York City

Sir:

Someone slipped a dozen eggs too many into that birthday cake of yours! . . .

LOUIS GRAFF

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

. . . A masterpiece. In the deep subjective sea of life, Joachim's poor children can be understood as blowfish. The little blowfish is alone and frightened, and he has worked out a system of puffing up and blowing when confronted with dangerous reality . . . The sad thing is, as you say, they have widely sold this system as a universal mode for coping with reality, so that the "pathological dream world is fairly effective." Gullible men may be impressed, but reality doesn't seem to be.

J. M. WEBSTER

Beaumont, Texas

Sir:

Thanks for the absorbing synopsis of Political Scientist Voegelin's thesis. The waters of TIME are running deep. Such earnest probing into the roots of the current intellectual crisis inclines me to agree with you that there are signs of movement toward a solution . . .

CHARLES W. BOYD

Chicago

Sir:

. . . Garbled nonsense . . . This Voegelin is just another egghead . . .

MICHAEL CALLAGHAN

Minot, N.D.

Sir:

Congratulations to the editors of TIME on the inspiring statement of moral and spiritual convictions elaborated in your 50th-anniversary issue. They constituted the most important news in that issue . . .

CARL F. H. HENRY

Fuller Theological Seminary  
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

Thirty years ago I became a cover-to-cover reader of TIME . . . Although my work requires day-by-day following of a news ticker, week after week I am amazed and benefited by the brilliance with which TIME adds news and helpful background to otherwise "old news." The continuous bettering of the magazine and its reach is further proof of the creative genius behind it, so I . . . congratulate you . . . and wish you long years of health and accomplishment.

A. G. NEWMYER

Washington, D.C.

Socialism & Peace

Sir:

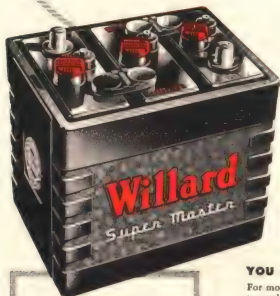
In your issue of March 2, you correctly quote some remarks I made in a new pamphlet I wrote for the League for Industrial Democracy on the subject of democratic socialism. Nevertheless . . . you . . . tend to give a rather distorted point of view of my

you'll get more for your winter-weary battery NOW

# Extra Big Trade-In Allowance

during the Willard

## SPRING BATTERY ROUND-UP



Any day of the year your Willard Dealer offers an outstanding battery value. But during March and April he's going to make it even more attractive to buy a Willard. For 60 days he will give you an extra liberal allowance for your old battery regardless of its make, age or condition, when you trade it for a factory-fresh, quick-starting Willard. Don't let a battery failure put you in a tough spot. See your Willard Dealer today—his extra March-April allowance makes it smarter to trade now than to take a chance.

### YOU PAY NO MORE FOR A WILLARD

For more than 50 years Willard has devoted its entire energy and skill to produce batteries of the finest quality. They have earned a world-wide reputation for quick starting—for long life. And yet a Willard sells in the same price range as many ordinary batteries—and costs a lot less to own.

### YET WILLARD GIVES YOU...

**Safety-Fill Construction** provides complete and positive protection against overfilling, the cause of acid spray and dangerous corrosion.

**Up to 115% more starting power** at zero than required by S.A.E. standards... This means Willard gives you more power to fit your driving conditions.

**Matex Grids** which provide 100% more protection against overcharging, today's Number One Battery Killer.

**Nationally Guaranteed Protection.** The written guarantee you get from the dealer who sells you a Willard Battery will be honored anywhere you drive.

WILLARD PRICES START AT **\$16<sup>65</sup>**

Less an extra big trade-in allowance for your old battery

# Willard

"SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY  
Cleveland • Los Angeles • Dallas • Memphis • Portland • Allentown • Toronto

For the Name of Your Nearest  
Willard Dealer  
Call Western Union by Number  
and ask for

**Operator 25**

She will give you the name and address of your nearest Willard Dealer at no cost to you. Or, look under "Batteries" in the Yellow Pages of your phone directory.

**FREE**

Using the New Willard Battery Charge and Condition Tester, your Willard Dealer can show you in just 5 minutes the exact condition of each cell of your battery. See your Willard Dealer tomorrow; then, see him every month for this free... fast... accurate battery condition test. It can save the life of your battery and save you a lot of trouble and grief.



# Mr. Clancy's new suit



*If you don't think railroading has changed, listen to this:*

**The president** of a large railroad\* was about to board one of his company's streamliners. He had on a brand new business suit.

**Suddenly** he noticed that the man strolling with him was an old friend of his, one of his company's veteran employees whom we'll call Clancy. (As a matter of fact, his name is Clancy; Engineer A. B. Clancy of our Portland Division.)

The president noticed that Clancy also was wearing a new business suit—almost a twin of his own.

**"How are you, Clancy?"** the railroad president greeted him. "See you've

got a new suit, too. Going on a vacation?" "Vacation?" explained Clancy vigorously. "I'm not on a vacation! I'm the engineer on this train you're going to ride."

Whereupon he boarded the big diesel engine. Then, sitting in an upholstered seat like any motorist's or businessman's, he ran the train to his destination—and stepped down just as clean and well-pressed as when he'd started out.

**Diesel power** not only keeps Mr. Clancy's suit clean, it's quick, competent and economical in serving you and your freight. Diesels can pull heavier loads than steam locomotives. They can make longer runs on less fuel, without stops for water or servicing. They make better time and are out of service less for repairs. They are a big help to us in trying to offset spiralling costs which otherwise would have to be passed on to you who use railroad service.

**Southern Pacific** has invested nearly \$200,000,000 in diesels since the war—proof of our determination to give the Golden Empire we serve the finest railroad service in the country.

\* Our railroad—the S. P.



opinions. Thus I insist that the dominant principle in a good society must be cooperation and that cooperation requires planning in which the state must play a great role. I specifically discuss the necessity for extending social ownership under democratic controls. While I agree that capitalism is not the cause of war and that socialism is not an automatic panacea for peace, I do definitely suggest the contribution to peace that democratic socialism should make.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City

## Behind the Times

Sir:

Re Christine Jorgensen's homecoming, when she "crossed off a Bloody Mary" (Time, Feb. 23): Apparently my colloquial vocabulary has not kept pace with Time's; it does not seem to endorse a Bloody Mary.

DOROTHY A. SHUMAN

Santa Ana, Calif.

☞ Start with a pinch of salt. Add the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, two dashes of Tabasco, two jiggers of vodka. Mix well with eight to twelve ounces of chilled tomato juice. Sip slowly.—Ed.

## No Place Like Jerome

Sir:

... As mayor of the city of Jerome, characterized by your [March 2] article as a "neon-lit, slot-machine satellite town ... outside Twin Falls," I am greatly incensed over such a farfetched ... description of our town. I would like to give you a few facts: Jerome was incorporated as a village on the 15th day of July, 1909 ... It was made the county seat of Jerome County ... In 1919, it serves a large agricultural area with a population of approximately 11,000 people ... It has a modern 50-bed hospital ... 17 churches, four public schools, two parks, a swimming pool and a public library ... The city of Twin Falls, which, from your article, is the parent city of Jerome ... is situated 14 miles south of Jerome ... True, Twin Falls is the wholesale center of this entire area, including Jerome, but to label Jerome as its satellite slot-machine town is just plain poor reporting to put it mildly. I feel that your article was written by an anti-slot-machine propagandist ...

JOHN W. HOSMAN

Jerome, Idaho

Sir:

... The jerring of Twin Falls residents over your statement will be intolerably humiliating ...

J. R. MANN

Spokane

## Two Words for One

Sir:

In your "Legally Hot" story of Feb. 23, I was disillusioned when I read the phrase "mental telepathy." If you will look up the word telepathy in Webster's ... you will find that you were guilty of tautology ...

PAULINE F. WOODARD

Nashville, Tenn.

☞ TIME's autological Science Editor has now been taught.—Ed.

## Under the Ivy

Sir:

I cannot sympathize with the educators who oppose congressional investigations of Communism in the universities (TIME, Feb. 23). It seems to be the opinion of many that Communism is rampant among the nation's

# "You could never without a telephone"

by Ann Loeb

The telephone is used in sending many different messages. Here are some of them:



It helps report fires, floods and that people have fallen into deep water and need a doctor very quickly.



Children use the telephone by inviting other people to parties or other children to come over and play, and it is used in telling each other new news.



Housewives use it for calling the grocery store for orders.



Fathers use it in business.

The telephone was invented by Alexander Graham Bell. It was born June 2, 1875.

You could never without a telephone — and use manners if you are listening or talking.

The telephone is one of our great friends today, so take care of it.

The End



When Ann Loeb wrote this third-grade theme in her school in Ottawa, Illinois, she had no idea her father would send it to the telephone company. Not a word has been changed. The handwriting is Ann's. So are the pictures, which she drew later at our request.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



# WORSTED-TEX®

Our Exclusive  
British Lounge Model  
made to American Specifications



## 2-PLY 100% VIRGIN WORSTEDS CLEAR-FACED FABRICS

We have specially chosen these smooth finished worsteds for their rich patterns and natural ability to endure seasons of wear.

And the British Lounge Model—our exclusive construction produces a taller, slimmer, waist trimming effect through the art of fine tailoring.

WORSTED-TEX SUITS AT \$60 AND \$65

At distinguished dealers, or write:

Guardian of Quality  
Symbol of The House of WORSTED-TEX, Inc.  
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FAMOUS TROPI-TEX SUITS AT \$50 AND \$55

# TROPI-TEX®

teachers. If this is not true, there is nothing to fear, but an investigation to determine the truth of these allegations is an infringement on no one's rights. Did it never occur to our educators that these suspicions would be quickly dispelled if they would cooperate freely with the investigators and even invite them to their campuses? People with nothing to hide do not fear the spotlight . . . The supposed threat to academic freedom is a hodgepodge . . . I am a college man, but I believe these investigations should be pressed vigorously.

RICHARD R. DAVIDSON

Snyder, Texas

Sir:

. . . The effect on the university students and instructors is very demoralizing. Instructors are becoming mere "yes" men, unable to express any opinion besides the accepted one for fear of losing their jobs. . . Some students like myself (graduate—June '52) who had planned on becoming teachers have given up the idea. . . This "search" . . . is doing more to drive instructors away from our schools than any loss of pay.

D. F. MILLER

Chicago

Sir:

. . . I have grave doubts about Senators McCarthy, Jenner and Velde. But however crude their procedure, they have discovered, and they have made the public aware that something is badly wrong with America's educators and intellectuals.

W. T. COUCH

New York City

## Record in Olney

Sir:

Re the March 2 News in Pictures spread: You say the lady in the pancake race in Olney, England ran 415 yards in "1 min. 2.2 sec." If she had gone 75 feet farther (at the same speed), she would have run the quarter mile in approximately 713 seconds. Having in view her habiliments, sex, the skillet and other handicaps, this seems to me incredible . . .

H. M. QUARF

Highland Park, Mich.

¶ The Vicar of Olney, unchallenged arbiter of Olney's annual Shrove Tuesday's Pancake Race, declared Housewife Dix's winning time a "world's record."—Ed.

## Delightful & Beautiful

Sir:

Your Feb. 23 cover depicting "sweetie-pie" Clooney was delightful [and] the color spread, accompanying the story on Mexico's new University City, was beautiful!

MRS. HAROLD C. BROWN

Kentfield, Calif.

## Vanitas vanitatum

Sir:

Regarding your March 2 article "Preview for the Prophet": Since when has the will of God been for men such as "Prophet" Jones to delude the minds of people to such an extent that they purchase him \$3,000 Lincolns and \$12,000 white mink coats?

It is a shame and a detriment to such long-established denominations as Presbyterianism, Methodism, Catholicism, etc., that such persons are permitted to "preach" "Prophet" Jones cannot seriously consider himself serving God or Christ by wearing topaz and garnet rings, a \$17,000 diamond bracelet, and sporting over 400 suits. . .

ROBERT E. WILLIS

El Paso



# Star of the silky way

World's  
newest  
V8



This one had to be good. It's our Golden Anniversary ROADMASTER.

So upon it we lavished our skills, our talents and our time to make it the finest in a fifty-year line of fine cars.

When you drive it, you will come to know how good a fifty-year best really is.

You'll know it in the swift and soaring power response of its V8 Engine. The first Fireball V8. The first such V8 with 8.5 to 1 compression, with vertical valves, with 12-volt electrical system, with a host of modern engineering features.

You'll know it in the silken velocity of its getaway—with Twin-Turbine Dynaflow adding far swifter, quieter acceleration to infinite smoothness.

You'll know it, too, in the velvety luxury of its bettered ride, in the new ease of its handling, in the more precise control it gives you, in the more reassuring comfort you feel.

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BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

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# Here's how **BENDIX** conserves dollars for the

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That is why producers of power equipment for this exacting industry turn so frequently to Bendix for the basic components of the machines they sell. Built by the foremost specialists in their respective fields, these quality parts have rolled up a record of endurance unmatched elsewhere. They are the surest protection of a manufacturer's reputation and a constructor's timetable that can be provided—as evidenced by these highlight examples:

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**BENDIX ADDS RUGGEDNESS**  
to earth-moving equipment

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Sometimes in a storage warehouse you'll find

## DREAMS FOR SALE

JACK REED sat down at the desk in the room he called his study, but which Nora called her sewing room and the children called their TV room. He looked at the telephone for a moment and then picked up the directory and began thumbing through it.

There were some notes on his other desk down at the office which had been sitting there for days. "Please call Mr. Williams," one of them said. "Mr. Williams phoned again while you were out," said another.

He hadn't called Bob Williams because—well, it hadn't seemed exactly urgent at the time. And he probably wouldn't be bothering about it now, either, except that earlier that evening he and Nora had gone to the inspection down at Drexel's Storage Warehouse. They had heard that there were some fine old clocks among the pieces to be auctioned off the next day, and Nora was anxious to see them.

Old Mr. Drexel himself had met them and shown them around. Lined up along the walls of the big, gold-looking room were some really fine things: furniture and lamps and clocks and china that had once

belonged to someone, somewhere, who had shown excellent taste in their selection. Nora turned to Mr. Drexel and said, "Why are all those lovely things being sold?"

Mr. Drexel shrugged. "To pay the back storage on them. Those things have been here for many years. Belonged to a woman who used to live in town. She broke up her home after her husband died and left all the stuff here. She and the kids went back to her old home town. She was going to send for it real soon, she said. But I guess she just never got enough money to spare."

Mr. Drexel looked up at the ceiling for a few seconds and then said, "The bins and vaults upstairs are full of things like that. Busted hopes and broken dreams." He shrugged again as they started towards the door. "You get used to it after a while..."

Jack hadn't been able to get that conversation out of his mind. He turned in his chair so he could look from the study into the living room. Nora was curled in her favorite chair, surrounded by her own favorite things. The hands on the big old grandfather's clock said it was not quite

ten o'clock. He picked up the phone and as he dialed Bob Williams' number he mapped out what he would say:

"Hi, Bob! Sorry I didn't get around to calling you sooner, but I've been mighty busy lately. You know how it is. Anyway, I've been turning that recommendation of yours over in my mind—you know, about taking out another New York Life policy—and I've decided that it might be a good idea after all. How about having lunch tomorrow and talking the whole thing over?"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
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*Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.*

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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# A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



## Dear Time-Reader

This week's cover story on Russia's Premier Malenkov, and Stalin's appearance on TIME's cover last week—for the tenth and presumably last time—illustrate some of the difficulties in covering the news from Russia these days. The facts of Stalin's death and Malenkov's succession were the most substantial pieces of news that have breached the Iron Curtain since World War II. But the full background of these facts had to be supplied by filling in a number of blank spaces.

Obviously, the way to fill in the blanks is different from the methods of getting news outside the Communist world. I.e., sending a reporter to the scene. Stories from correspondents in Moscow, where censorship is a grown-up art, are only a starting point in the search for the real news.

Last fall the International Press Institute published a report on getting the news out of Russia (TIME, Oct. 13). One method recommended was the use of a "Russian desk" to read, analyze and sift news reports from Moscow, and to add to them an extra dimension of understanding. Quoting a British expert on the Soviet Union, the I.P.I. report said: "The sort of news one gets out of Moscow . . . by itself gives no picture at all. . . . To one [who is] accustomed to reading between the lines and who already has a good first-hand picture of Russia, the official news may be made to go quite a long way. To anyone else it means nothing."

TIME has had a Russian desk since 1946. Its senior member, Mark Vishniak, was born in Moscow, where he became a respected journalist and lawyer. He was a law professor at the Moscow Pedagogical Institute and secretary-

general of the constitutional assembly in 1918. The following year, with the Bolsheviks in power, Vishniak fled to France, and eventually to the U.S. To help dig out the story of what is really happening in Russia today, Vishniak relies on his close contacts with Russian exiles, a filing-cabinet memory of his own days in Russia, and constant reading of Russian periodicals.

TIME is also able to count on the first-hand experiences of its writers and correspondents to fill in gaps in the Russian story. Of the five writers who put together last week's section, DEATH



1953

IN THE KREMLIN, one was a war correspondent on the Russian front during World War II. Another, as head of the United Press bureau at the U.N., covered the doings of Vishinsky, Molotov, Malik, Gromyko & Co., and their satellite supporters. In addition, TIME's bureau chiefs in all the world capitals regularly report on the parts of the story that filter into their sectors from behind the Iron Curtain.

All of this is no substitute, of course, for the kind of coverage which is a matter of routine in most countries—the right of correspondents to travel freely, talk to anyone they meet, interview government officials, and file their stories without censorship. But it is often surprising how much can be put together—with a handful of clues, a lot of hard work, and a detailed background of experience—about the events the world's most powerful police state is trying to hide.

Cordially yours,

*James A. Luce*







## "THAT'S HOW DAD SEES BACKWARDS!"

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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Out of the Woods Again

"Please tell me, Caius, why are all these laws necessary to civilization? Why don't people weave cloth and bake bread of their own accord in return for payment?"

[Caius answered:] "It is the duty of the government to provide the necessities of life at a price the poor can afford; once you start doing that you have to fix the price of a good many other things as well, and compel people to work at the unpopular trades that lose money."

—The Little Emperors

It was 105 years since the Emperor Diocletian's price control edict (301 A.D.), and rigid economic regulation and manpower control had become a way of life in the Roman Empire. To Bureaucrat Caius Sempronius Felix (a fictional but true-to-history creation of British Novelist Alfred Duggan), his wife's question seemed unsophisticated. Felix could concede that controls discouraged production, halted expansion and bred more controls, but he found it unthinkable that society could ever again get along without them.

In the U.S. of 1953, it is still possible to think that society can get along without price controls. Last week the Eisenhower Administration's sixth decontrol order left the U.S. economy free of wage and consumer controls for the first time since the post-Korea freeze of January 1951. The latest order freed coffee, beer, home-heating oil, soybeans, animal feeds—everything except some nonconsumer products vital to defense: sulphur and sulphur compounds, iron and steel, scarce alloy metals, metal cans, machine tools. A few predictable price rises followed, but they barely rippled overall price indexes, which have been steady since the Administration began its "orderly decontrol" six weeks ago.

When the Truman Administration abandoned World War II price and wage controls in November 1946, some people predicted \$1-a-loaf bread. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. predicted \$20-a-pair nylons. Decontrol in 1953 brought forth no such hysterical forebodings, but it was actually a bolder step, because the pressure of rearmament and the Korean war have replaced the 1946 illusion that permanent peace was about to prevail. Although pressure for continued controls was strong, Eisenhower acted on his campaign statement that Government control of prices



United Press

MRS. EISENHOWER AT PRESS CONFERENCE  
The White House is not such a bad home.

was not the only or the best way to fight inflation.

In the 20th century, nations have increasingly tended to meet inflationary pressure as the Roman Empire met it: by fleeing from freedom, taking refuge in authority. In deep, sudden crises, direct controls are sometimes necessary. But to let them linger on after the need for them has passed (and they always tend to linger on), or to impose them when there is no clear and present need, is to incur the danger that they will become a way of life, as in the Roman Empire. Any time a nation can shake off the shackles and prove that freedom does not bring \$1 bread, it can demonstrate again that in the long run the most productive economy is a free economy.

### THE WHITE HOUSE

#### Ladies' Day

When Mamie Eisenhower called her first White House press conference last week, Washington's newshens, elegantly hatted and with pencils poised, flocked to the White House radio-TV room (once part of the kitchen) for the big event. Mamie invited the male correspondents, too, and though they outnumbered the ladies, the men hung shyly back, asked

only one question: How was the White House food? Fine, said Mamie.

The First Lady looked radiant and chic in a grey suit, handled herself with aplomb. After the picture-taking, she flashed a big smile at the ladies, sat down at a desk and said "Good morning." "Good morning, teacher," burbled the New York Times's Bess Furman. "That's just what I feel like," said Mamie. Then, as if she had done it a thousand times before, she reached for her engagement list and read it off, tea by inexorable tea. Among the coming events: a tea for Mary Pickford, with some old Pickford films ("I think it'll be a lot of fun").

**News of Upstairs.** Then Mamie was ready for questions. While pencils flashed like knitting needles, Mamie let the girls in on some of the upstairs news. She had converted Bess Truman's sitting room into her own bedroom, had painted it a restful green, and moved in pink furniture. The White House, she confided, was not such a bad home: "I think it's really livable for as large a house as it is. I love the high ceilings."

Adroitly sidestepping a political question (she was in favor of tax reduction, "as who isn't?"), the First Lady gave the impression of a busy, happy household manager. She was equal to the formidable

daily schedule: "I enjoy it thoroughly." The only drawbacks are the President's long working hours and the fact that "there isn't time to do the personal things you'd like to." She seldom sees Ike before dinnertime. In the evenings, the President is usually "too tired to talk," retires shortly after dinner, to which the Eisenhowers sit down at 7:30. Mamie usually stays up until 10:30 or 11, alone or with her mother, watching television.

**News from the Zoo.** After the conference, the First Lady hurried upstairs where some special house guests were waiting: her three grandchildren, who had arrived with their mother, Mrs. John

house. David stayed outside, peered through the door. "I can see all right from here," he explained. When he got back, young David had some afterthoughts about the zoo. "You know what I liked best?" he asked. "I liked the crocodiles best, because they're so ugly."

## THE PRESIDENCY Medals & Ministers

Like any grandfather, Dwight Eisenhower enjoys a romp with his grandchildren. But shortly after the three Eisenhower grandchildren arrived at the White House last week, the President was told to

own natural endowments, goes through life ever facing a stern personal challenge—can he live up to the record of those who have worn the cadet grey before him? Happily for West Point and for our country, the building record of today's graduates is equal to that of their predecessors. A salute to all of them."

¶ Presented the first Congressional Medal of Honor of his Administration to shock-headed, rugged Duane E. Dewey of South Haven, Mich., a former Marine Corps corporal who won the country's highest award for throwing himself on a Communist grenade in Korea, saving the lives of two comrades.

## RACES

### Against Segregation

"I propose," said Dwight Eisenhower in his State of the Union message last month, "to use whatever authority exists in the office of the President to end segregation in the District of Columbia including the Federal Government . . ." Last week the Administration began making good on the pledge: in a brief filed with the Supreme Court, Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. made the Administration's case against segregation in Washington restaurants.

Said Brownell: "Several hundred thousand federal employees, representing every segment of our population, work and live in the District of Columbia area. It is the established policy of the United States that its employees shall be hired, and shall work together, without regard to any differences of race or color." As *amicus curiae* (friend of the court), Brownell sided with the District corporation council in appealing for reversal of a lower court decision invalidating an old District of Columbia anti-segregation ordinance.

## APPOINTMENTS

### Taft Go Brag

Last week the White House announced these nominations and appointments:

¶ To be Ambassador to Ireland: William Howard Taft III, scholarly eldest son of the Senator, grandson and namesake of the late President and Chief Justice. Taft, 37, avidly sought the appointment (left vacant by the death last October of Francis P. Matthews) and has much to recommend him: he is an official of the Central Intelligence Agency, an authority on Gaelic culture, and he lived for some time in Ireland as a member of the postwar ECA mission there (his fourth. Irish-born child is named Sean). A Yale graduate and Princeton Ph.D., Episcopalian Taft has taught English at Yale, Maryland and Haverford, has kept up his Celtic studies as a hobby. He will be the first Gaelic-speaking U.S. ambassador to Ireland.

¶ To be Governor of Alaska: B. (for nothing) Frank Heintzleman, 64, long (16 years) the Department of Agriculture's regional forester in Alaska. Woodsman Heintzleman follows the prevailing Washington opinion that Alaska is still



DWIGHT, SUSAN & BARBARA ANNE EISENHOWER  
A grandfather kept his distance.

Walter Bennett

Eisenhower, the evening before. Young Dwight David Eisenhower II, who will celebrate his fifth birthday this month, Barbara Anne, 3, and Baby Susan Elaine, 1, were paying their first visit to grandfather's new house. One fine afternoon they played on the back lawn under the budding magnolias. When the photographers arrived, David obligingly lifted Skunk, the family's portly Scotty, for a moment, but had to give it up. "She's too fat," he puffed. Then he and curly-headed Barbara Anne peddled their tricycles over a stretch of grass made slightly mangy lately by grandfather's golfing divots.

Exciting as their first visit to the White House was, the young Eisenhowers had more important business on their minds. On their very first afternoon in Washington, David and Barbara Anne went off to inspect the zoo, chaperoned by a sheepish Secret Serviceman (Mamie and Barbara Eisenhower went to a matinee). David thought the zoo was fine until a lion roared at him. And though Barbara Anne wandered fearlessly into the lion

keep his distance: White House Physician Howard Snyder had detected a slight cold, and he warned Ike not to infect the kids. Despite the cold, the President kept steadily at his heavy schedule, and another ailment—a "slightly sprained" wrist—did not prevent him from a quick round of golf at Burning Tree Country Club.

Last week, as it has been for the past several weeks, the White House list of appointments was heavy with foreign callers. Mme. Chiang Kai-shek came in for tea and some serious talk. Dutch Foreign Minister J.M.A.H. Luns had a lengthy discussion of European defense. NATO Secretary Lord Ismay was the honor guest at the Eisenhowers' first full-blown state dinner. South Korean Foreign Minister Yong Tae Pyun called, and General John E. Hull, vice chief of staff, departing on an important special mission to Egypt, dropped in at the White House for final instructions.

Last week the President also: ¶ Congratulated his alma mater on its 151st anniversary. "The graduate of West Point," he wrote, "modest as may be his

too green for statehood. Says he: "I am very much interested in getting statehood for Alaska when it can finance the services of state government . . . I hope [that stage] will come in the next few years."

¶ To be alternate delegate to the U.N. Commission on Human Rights: Donald W. Eastvold, 33, lean, eager-looking attorney general of Washington state. Televiewers remember Eastvold's bold and brilliant leadership ("Beware a young man with a book") in the successful fight against the seating of the Taftist Georgia delegation at last summer's Republican convention.

¶ To be a member (and eventually chairman) of the Civil Service Commission: Philip Young, dean of Columbia's Graduate School of Business. A registered Republican, Young is the son of Industrialist Owen D. Young (onetime Democratic elder statesman who supported Eisenhower last year). Square-jawed, stubborn Dean Young has the reputation of selecting able associates. He is a sailing enthusiast, a maker (and smoker) of fine briar pipes, and he has been called the best guidance caller in New York's Herkimer County. The President said that Young would be elevated to Civil Service chairmanship as soon as the Senate confirmed the nomination, added that he would be invited to attend Cabinet meetings.

¶ To be High Commissioner of the Pacific Trust Territory (southwest Pacific islands administered by the U.S. as trustee for the United Nations): Frank Elbert Midkiff, 65. Born in Anna, Ill., Midkiff went to Hawaii at 25 to take a job as an English teacher and athletic coach at an insular college, stayed on to become a businessman, school principal. His new bailiwick, scattered over an expanse of ocean wider than the U.S., consists of 2,130 small, rainy, tropical islands with a total area of 687 sq. mi. and a total native population of 58,000. The territory's value to the U.S. is purely military: some islands



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT III & FAMILY  
A grandson pursued his hobby.

Associated Press

serve as bases, others (Bikini, Eniwetok) have served as sites for testing atomic bombs. The new High Commissioner sees his task as "giving the islanders a chance to develop." His headquarters: Honolulu, at least until completion of proposed new headquarters at Truk, southwest Pacific base of the wartime Japanese fleet.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Homosexuals in State

Last week the State Department announced that, since the new Administration began, it had rid itself of 21 homosexuals and other bad security risks. In one week, eight sexual deviates and five other security risks had been "separated" from the service. Score since 1947: more than 325 homosexuals fired or forced to resign after the department found them bad risks.

### Cooling the Broth

Since they came into office last January, Dwight Eisenhower's Cabinet officers and agency chiefs have been struggling to cut the \$78.6 billion budget which they inherited from Harry Truman. Last week the struggle over the budget grew sharper.

In the Defense Department, Secretary Charles E. Wilson put through a cut which will save the Government about \$33 million during the present fiscal year. Setting a monthly shrinkage goal of about 1% of the department's 1,327,546 civilian employees, Wilson ordered the armed services to drop a total of 39,346 civilians from their payrolls by the end of May.

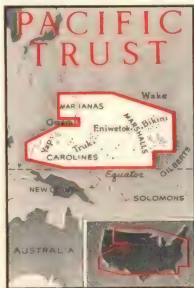
Not all of it was that easy. Budget Director Joseph Dodge ran into trouble when some of his fiscal surgeons decided to take \$200 million out of the Interior Department's \$235 million reclamation budget.

To Easterners, "reclamation" is a fancy word for pork-barreling. To Westerners, who see federally-financed dams and canals as the only means of developing vast, arid stretches of their land, reclamation is what the Government exists to do. Last week this potent political fact was forcefully explained to Detroit Dodge by his Western colleague, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay of Oregon. "Broth is never eaten as hot as it's cooked," philosophized McKay later. "I'm not really worried now. The Western Senators won't let them ruin the reclamation program."

### End of an Old Fight

Since 1923, five Presidents have tried in vain to get Congress' final approval of a new Cabinet post for the Government's welfare functions. Last week President Eisenhower made his try, asked Congress to let him convert the vast Federal Security Agency (37,000 employees) into the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. His plan would make Federal Security Administrator Oveta Culp Hobby his tenth Cabinet member.

The President's proposal got a warm bipartisan reception in both Houses of Congress, even though it was essentially the same as a plan sent up by Harry Truman in 1950. (Like Truman's, Ike's plan was based on recommendations of the Hoover Commission.) Truman was turned down because Republicans, many Democrats and the powerful American Medical Association mistrusted his Fair Dealing Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing, the man who would have got the Cabinet job in 1950. Congress suspected that Truman and Ewing would use the proposed Cabinet job for further expansion of the bureaucracy and the establishment of a socialized health plan; Eisenhower's plan was seen as a more moderate



Trust Map by V. Fuglist



Walter Bennett  
**SECRETARY-DESIGNATE HOBBY**  
 A new trust.

hower's stand against expansion of federal power and his well-known antipathy to socialism helped him to overcome the opposition that stopped Truman.

At week's end, A.M.A. summoned its house of delegates into special session at Washington's Statler Hotel to give an opinion of the Eisenhower reorganization plan. To reassure A.M.A., Eisenhower and Secretary-to-be Hobby went over to the meeting themselves. In an off-the-cuff speech, the President said he had found, in the past few years, that "I have certain philosophical bonds with doctors. I don't like the word 'compulsory.' I am against the word 'socialized.' " He was sure that the Government could do more for the national health if it cooperated with the doctors instead of trying "to be the big Pooh-Bah in this particular field."

After the presidential party had gone, A.M.A. President Louis Bauer reminded the delegates that the door of the White House and the FSA had already been opened to A.M.A. "for the first time . . . since it was organized." Past President John Cline noted that A.M.A. had progressed, since the election, "from the No. 1 position in an Administration doghouse to the point where the President and the majority leader of the Senate [Bob Taft] addressed us today." All opposition to the Eisenhower proposal faded in, and A.M.A.'s delegates gave the Department of Health, Education and Welfare a unanimous endorsement. Congress is expected to follow suit within a few weeks.

## ARMED FORCES

### Ammunition Shortage

In 38 years of soldiering, James Alward Van Fleet has served his country well in France, Germany, Greece and Korea. But what may prove to be one of General Van Fleet's greatest services was performed on Capitol Hill two weeks ago: he told the

Senate Armed Services Committee that throughout his 27 months as commander of the Eighth Army in Korea he and his U.N. troops had been plagued by "a serious shortage of ammunition" (TIME, March 16). Charges of an ammunition shortage had been made before and brushed off before. Van Fleet's reputation was too solid to brush off.

Last week, at the demand of the Senate Armed Services Committee, the Pentagon's bosses, civilian and Army, paraded to Capitol Hill to give their answer to Van Fleet's charge. Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, in the immemorial manner of civilian service chiefs, did his best to back up his uniformed Washington subordinates; he read a brief statement declaring that the ammunition situation in Korea was improving. Army Chief of Staff General J. Lawton ("Lightnin' Joe") Collins implied that Van Fleet, like most combat commanders, had an insatiable appetite for ammunition. The fact is, said Collins, that in 1952 the Eighth Army fired an average of 62,616 rounds of mortar and artillery ammunition a day—nearly ten times the enemy's average daily rate of fire. But such Pentagon efforts to persuade the Senators to look at the silver lining collapsed when Virginia's Harry Byrd put a question to Army Secretary Robert Ten Broeck Stevens.

Byrd: You do not deny there is an ammunition shortage? And can you speak for Mr. Wilson: he does not deny there is an ammunition shortage?

Stevens: Correct.

"Unsatisfactory." The Army had a second line of defense: perhaps the disagreement between Collins and Van Fleet could be explained by different definitions of "shortage." As the hearing went on, however, it became clear that the Army had a shortage of ammunition by anybody's definition. Van Fleet specified that the Eighth Army had not always had enough ammunition on the firing line. At times, he said, there was not enough to support counter-battery fire or to cope with Chinese "human sea" attacks. All the Pentagon witnesses conceded that in the past reserve stocks in Korea had fallen dangerously low. Under questioning by Harry Byrd, General Collins finally admitted that, so far as ammunition supplies were concerned, the lull following the July 1951 armistice talks in Korea had come as a desperately needed respite.

Pentagon spokesmen made much of the fact that the Korean shortage was no longer critical. Today, said Defense Secretary Wilson, the Eighth Army has "the ammunition necessary for operations on the present scale." To some of the Senators, Wilson's statement sounded like another way of saying that the Eighth Army did not have ammunition enough for operations on a bigger scale.

If that was true in Korea, which has top priority in ammunition, what was the situation in Europe? Or in the strategic reserve stocks at home? Said Joe Collins: "The ammunition reserve stockpile for our worldwide needs has been unsatisfac-

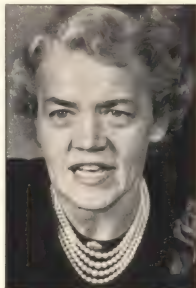
tory and still is." He added that the supply was "gradually improving."

"Endangered." The U.S. ammunition shortage was almost three years old, yet no Pentagon heads had rolled because of it. Army men were inclined to put the blame on the U.S. public. Ordnance Colonel John Medaris reminded the Senators that the nation's ammunition industry was "almost completely shut down" after World War II, and observed that the post-Korea step-up in ammunition production "has had to be achieved on top of a civilian economy operating at an alltime high level."

Army brass admitted, however, that Congress had met almost every Army demand for funds for ammunition. Neither Collins nor Joint Chief of Staff Omar Bradley had ever told Congress about the shortage and asked for enough money to end it. The fact is that the money needed for ammunition was hardly more than peanuts compared to the total defense budget. The shortage was caused not by lack of money but by poor planning.

Last week, after all the testimony was in, the members of the Armed Services Committee unanimously agreed that General Van Fleet's charges had been borne out. The committee's most disturbing conclusion: "The shortages of ammunition substantially restricted the action of our troops [in Korea] and endangered our defense lines."

Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith was named to head a five-man subcommittee which will try to pinpoint "the officials and conditions responsible" for the shortage. Mrs. Smith promptly announced that the subcommittee would investigate ammunition supplies in Europe as well as Korea. She said: "We have no intention of getting caught out in left field when the next batter may swing from the other side of the plate."



Walter Bennett  
**SENATOR SMITH**  
 A prompt switch.



## INVESTIGATIONS

### The Rookie Cop

Both a halo and a forked tail go with the headline-catching role of chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Every chairman from Martin Dies on has been a white knight to part of the public, an inquisitorial fiend in the eyes of another part. By last week the new committee chairman, Illinois' Harold Himmel Velde, had managed to dent his halo and seemed firmly hitched to his forked tail. Velde's trouble: too much talk, too little caution, not enough political horse sense.

Last month he got into a wrangle with Agnes Meyer, wife of the board chairman of the *Washington Post*, over his committee's investigation of Communists in education. Velde came off second best when he charged Mrs. Meyer with authoring a letter quoted in *Pravda*—only to discover later, on checking, that the letter had been written by a Mrs. Mayer of British Columbia (*TIME*, March 2). Then, one night last week, Velde took to the air with three Washington reporters on the nationwide Mutual network show, *Reporters Round-up*. Midway in the program his foot slipped again:

*Reporter Philip Potter of the Baltimore Evening Sun:* "I've noticed the last couple of weeks that churchmen seem to be increasingly critical of the congressional investigation in [the education] field. Some see it as a preliminary approach in the church field. Is there any likelihood of this?"

*Velde:* "I can't say at this time. . . I do think that this is very important to get across to the American people. The Soviet Union through the American Communist party is out to destroy all religious freedom in this country. I believe that our religious leaders should be made aware of that . . ."

*Potter:* "I notice that you don't preclude getting into that field, then, at some future time."

*Velde:* "Oh, no, it's entirely possible. *Potter:* Do you think that there is a field for investigation in that?"

*Velde:* "Yes, I do. I definitely do think there is a field. I cannot tell which direction that would take, whether it would be into some of the organizations which are affiliated with the various churches throughout the country or whether it would be individuals. I rather presume it would be individuals."

The next morning's papers headlined Velde's promise of an investigation of churches. The reaction was as unfavorable as anybody (except Velde) would have expected. Velde protested that he had been "misinterpreted," but even his fellow committee members were aghast at what he had actually said. The committee closed its doors and unanimously resolved that no new investigations would be announced or begun without approval of the full committee. Some Republicans in Congress were furious, and wanted to fire Velde

from his chairmanship. Such talk ended abruptly when New York's Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. offered a formal resolution asking the House to censure Velde and kick him out of his job. Junior's resolution (which will doubtless die in the Rules Committee) made Velde a party issue, and Republicans quickly closed ranks beside him. This will not disappoint the Democrats, who like to keep Velde's kind of bumbling Republican in the headlines.

Velde, 42, is a lawyer who worked his way through the University of Illinois law school in mid-Depression, repairing



CONGRESSMAN VELDE  
A foot slipped.

United Press

radios on the side to meet expenses. During the war he joined the FBI, was assigned to the important anti-sabotage unit which kept a watch on the Communist cell at the University of California's radiation laboratory in Berkeley, where basic research was under way on atomic fission. After the war, Velde went into Republican politics in Illinois' Tazewell County, was first elected to Congress in 1948. His FBI record helped his campaign.

Velde was assigned to the Un-American Activities Committee as soon as he came to Capitol Hill. He is personally pleasant, tall, broad-shouldered and handsome. He leaves most of the questioning to the committee counsel. Witnesses testify first in executive session, so that they will not be damaged publicly by the simple fact of their appearing. In public hearing, they are treated firmly but politely, and Velde indulges in no McCarthy-type browbeating and histrionics.

Velde may learn—but his two bad slips indicate that he is not one of the FBI's brighter products. A Congressman who thinks he is going to investigate churches needs to pound the beat a while before he gets promoted to the plain-clothes squad.

## THE CONGRESS

### Dangerous Deadlock

Since it was established in 1946, Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has been an effective board of directors for the U.S. atomic-energy program. But in the ten weeks of the 83rd Congress, the committee (nine Senators, nine Representatives) has been losing its grip. The reason: a Senate v. House deadlock over the chairmanship.

A Senator has always headed the committee. The first chairman, in the Republican 80th Congress, was Iowa's steady, hard-working Bourke B. Hickenlooper. In the Democratic 81st, Connecticut's yeasty Brien McMahon took over, to serve until he died last July. House members insist that there was an "understanding" that the chairmanship would alternate between the Senate and the House. (They let McMahon serve out of turn because he had sponsored the act establishing the committee.) Senate members don't seem to recall any such understanding.

When Congress convened in January, the Senate committeemen insisted that their senior Republican member, Hickenlooper, step back to the chair. House members demanded top place for their senior Republican, New York's W. Sterling Cole, Hickenlooper and "Stub" Cole remained good friends, but other members split: eight Senators for Hickenlooper, eight Representatives for Cole.

Under North Carolina's ailing Democratic Representative Carl Durham, who was McMahon's vice chairman, the committee has tried to function on a tentative basis; but Government agencies, which have worked closely with the chairman in the past, now have no key man to contact. Members, fearful that they might tip the chairmanship stalemate the wrong way, have been clam-quiet on some important issues, e.g., the Navy's failure to promote Captain Hyman G. Rickover, the atomic-submarine expert.

Last week committee members were shifting nervously, realizing that unless the deadlock is broken soon, the atomic program and the U.S. will suffer.

### Bird Watching

Looking down from the U.S. Senate gallery, bird watchers often observe that Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse has a notably ornithic look—a sharp beak, darting, saucerish eyes, a tufted head. Since he became an independent last year, Senator Morse has been the busiest, noisiest jay in the Senate; he interrupts his chatter only to hop over to the press ticker to see what kind of coverage he's getting.

Last week Morse was at full voice. One day he blocked unanimous consent on an emergency bill making a technical change in the officer strength of the armed services. He didn't understand the bill, he said. After Armed Services Chairman Leverett Saltonstall patiently explained the bill, Morse could see no emergency, thought the change could wait for permanent legislation. Finally, Majority Leader

Robert A. Taft rose and rammed the bill through on a voice vote.

When the Senate met for the next time two days later, Wayne Morse had his reply ready. Taft made the usual motion to dispense with reading of the journal, a lengthy synopsis of the previous day's proceedings. Morse objected, insisting that the journal be read aloud. Under Senate rules, the rarely made request had to be complied with. For 26 wasted minutes the clerk read while Morse slumped in his specially built chair (it has an extra-long seat to accommodate the Morse slump). Next day, Morse "suggested the absence of a quorum," forced the Senate to adjourn a few moments after it had convened. The day after, he again forced the useless reading of the journal (22 minutes). Then he rose and yammered for two hours on what the New York Times politely called "a variety of subjects."

For years, Morse and his fellow liberals have been objecting to the filibuster as a wicked, minority-rule device. Now Morse was using typical filibuster tactics, not against any specific piece of legislation but simply to call attention to Wayne Morse.

## Work Done

With most big issues still in committee rooms, the House and the Senate last week managed to pass one major bill apiece:

The House:

¶ Passed (274-138) a bill to make Hawaii the 49th state. A group of Democrats tried but failed to block statehood for Hawaii (pop. 499,800) until Alaska (pop. 128,650) also becomes a state. This is the third Hawaiian statehood bill passed by the House in six years; both previous bills died in the Senate. The new bill will be opposed by some of the Senate's Southern Democrats—who like neither Hawaii's political complexion nor its lack of a color line—but the prospects for a 49th state are better than ever before.

The Senate:

¶ Passed unanimously a bill giving the District of Columbia, which has long endured taxation without representation, a non-voting delegate in the House with the same status as that of territorial delegates. The bill now goes to the House, where it faces a long, slow but favorable future.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Persona Grata?

Washington last month checked on the acceptability of Charles E. Bohlen as U.S. Ambassador to replace George F. Kennan, declared unacceptable by the Russians. The Russian reply: Bohlen is *persona grata*. Then, where the Administration did not expect it, trouble arose.

Some Senate Republicans, studying Bohlen's record, had doubts. Handsome, Harvard-bred "Chip" Bohlen has made Russia his special field ever since he entered the Foreign Service in 1929. State assigned him to study Russian, sent him to Moscow (along with Kennan) in the '30s. Russia fascinated Bohlen; he even

became an expert balalaika player. By 1944 he was chief of Eastern European Affairs (Russia, Poland, the Baltic countries) in Washington. At Teheran and Yalta, Bohlen served as interpreter and aide for Franklin Roosevelt. He sat with F.D.R. and Averell Harriman, facing Stalin, Molotov and their interpreter, Pavlov, when the secret agreement on Manchuria was finally worked out. He subsequently became Counselor of the State Department, working closely on policy with Secretary Dean Acheson.

When Bohlen appeared early this month before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he was hard pressed by Republicans. They questioned him especially about Yalta. Bohlen could have replied that he was merely an interpreter at Yalta; instead, he defended the secret deals,



DIPLOMAT BOHLEN  
Delayed by Yalta and measles.

although he blamed the Russians for violating their terms. While the Senators pondered Bohlen's defense of past policy, Stalin died. The Administration wanted Bohlen confirmed quickly. But a strong Republican bloc refused to hurry. Last week their opposition came out into the open.

New Hampshire's Styles Bridges let it be known that the withdrawal of Bohlen's name had been urged on "top" Eisenhower aides. "We had an election," said Bridges, "and the Acheson-Truman policies were repudiated. [Bohlen] is an architect and part of the team determining those policies. I don't see why we should send such a man to one of the most delicate spots in the world. We should have a man in whom we, including the Congress, have complete confidence."

The hostility ranged in degree. Michigan's Homer Ferguson and California's William Knowland were not really happy about the nomination. Nevada's crusty Democrat, Pat McCarran, joined the GOP

opposition; Bohlen's link with Yalta, he said, is "enough for me." Ohio's Robert Taft, in his role of Republican pacifier, thought the Moscow ambassadorship not important enough for a big intraparty battle. "Our Russian ambassador can't do anything. He is in a box at Moscow. All he can do is observe and report. He will not influence policy materially."

That was a better argument before Stalin died than it is today. While the Kremlin has not changed, Western opinion is far more susceptible to the suggestion that the Kremlin might change. Conceivably, Bohlen's reports could have an effect as misleading as those of Ambassador Joseph E. (Mission to Moscow) Davies.

This week Chip Bohlen was down with the measles just when he was scheduled to undergo another round of questioning by the Senate committee. Chances are he will be confirmed, but not without a fight.

George F. Kennan, barred last October from Russia as *persona non grata*, seems to be *persona non grata* with the Eisenhower Administration as well. A far weightier man than his probable successor, Kennan is the author of the containment policy which Eisenhower & Co. consider a guarantee that Russia can keep the initiative in the cold war. Kennan is not now in demand in Washington; not once during the conferences over Stalin's death did Secretary of State John Foster Dulles turn to Russian-Expert Kennan for advice. If Kennan does not get another post within 90 days after a new ambassador to Moscow is confirmed, he will be retired by law from the Foreign Service.

## OPINION

### The Brutal Truth

Ever since his days as Harry Truman's Secretary of the Air Force, Missourian Stuart Symington has been a man with a mission. A kind of national gadfly, he has stung the U.S. conscience with ominous reminders of the growth of Soviet military power. Last week, in Philadelphia, Freshman Senator Symington charged that the U.S. Government itself had soft-pedaled the Russian threat. Said he: "It is a sad fact that for a long time some of our national leaders—in both parties—have not told us the whole brutal truth about the world in which we live."

Democrat Symington recalled to his listeners the complacency fostered by the Truman Administration. In October 1949, the month after the Russians exploded their first atom bomb, the Truman Administration decided to cut U.S. armed strength. Even Chinese intervention in Korea, said Symington, "did not bring us to our senses . . . We were told that we could handle this new Soviet aggression with one hand, while we piled the other hand high with butter and automobiles and television sets."

"Now the Administration has changed. But one thing has not changed. The policy of butter and guns has not shifted in favor of guns . . . I do not believe this policy is

right. Nor would the American people believe it right if they knew the truth."

The Government, said he, should publish answers to such questions as these:

"How many jet bombers has the Soviet? How many has the United Nations?"

"How many jet fighters for defense against Russian atomic bombers has the United Nations?"

"What is our Government's estimate of that date when the Soviets may have what they consider enough atomic weapons to launch a successful attack . . . against the U.S.?"

"Is the size and form of our defense program aimed toward the maximum national defense possible against atomic attack by that date?"

"In other words, will we be ready when that critical day comes?"

Concluded Symington: "The answer, in my opinion, is no—and I believe the facts prove it. In any case, why not give the facts to the people . . . Once the truth is understood, Americans will accept any challenge, will make any sacrifice to the end that they and their children can become strong—and therefore remain free."

## IMMIGRATION

### The Masquerader

By the time he was 27, tiny (5 ft. 3 in.), Hamburg-born Reinhold Wilhelm Johannes Pabel was a tough little article. He had served two tours with Hitler's armies on the Russian front, had been wounded, and rushed back into combat as a sergeant of Rommel's famed *Afrika Korps*. He had survived the German retreat from Sicily by swimming a mile to shore after his boat was sunk in the Strait of Messina, and had been badly wounded again and finally captured by U.S. forces near the Volturno River in Italy.

When he was landed at Norfolk, Va. in January 1944, Reinhold Pabel, prisoner of war, was a tight-jawed, scarred little bantam with a calculating eye. But he was a pleasant and contemplative sort of fellow too. He had studied for the priesthood as a youth at the University of Münster, spoke English and Russian, was the author of a German book entitled *Athos, the Holy Mountain*. He gradually concluded that he wanted to live in the U.S.

**Opportunity Illuminated.** Reinhold took his time. At Camp Grant, near Rockford, Ill., he stuffed himself with the astounding food (both cake and grapes at one meal), enrolled for correspondence courses in Russian and Persian, ingratiated himself with his captors, and peddled his medals and handmade souvenirs to accumulate a store of U.S. currency. He dyed a pair of khaki pants blue, and hid them.

He volunteered for work, was moved to a subsidiary camp near a cannery at Washington, Ill. One morning, just after roll call, Reinhold ducked under the wire, sauntered to the shelter of some trees, changed into his escape costume, and walked down the highway in full view of the encampment. Nobody paid him any attention. He thumbed a ride to Peoria

with a farmer, who did not appear to notice Reinhold's German accent.

Reinhold had \$10.20. He spent \$5 for a bus ticket and rode to Chicago. To conserve his money, he spent the first night under a bush in Grant Park. But he decided to live as openly as possible and simply ignore the threat of recapture. He asked a policeman for directions. The cop replied politely. Reinhold invented a new name, Phillip Brick, applied for a Social Security card, and got it with no trouble at all. He went to work as a dishwasher, then as a bookstore clerk.

"I knew the virtues of democracy when I came," he says. "But the opportunity—that was the real illumination." He saved \$500 in three months, opened a little book business of his own. It prospered. He got married, became the father of a baby son.



REINHOLD PABEL & FAMILY

He met a lawyer in a ditch by the Volturno.

But the FBI never stopped looking for *Unteroffizier* Pabel, the escaped prisoner, and in time the search narrowed.

**Disappointment Relieved.** Last week, when a group of agents sauntered into Reinhold's bookstore, only six of 2,803 P.W.s of World War II who escaped in the U.S. were still at large. Then there were only five. The FBI men drew pistols. One of them said, "You're Reinhold Pabel, aren't you?" Said Reinhold: "Yes."

A Dallas attorney named Paul Douglas Lindsey heard of his arrest, immediately announced that Pabel had saved his life during the fighting on the Volturno, and offered to help him in any feasible way. Pabel, he said, had found him lying wounded in a ditch, had reassured him, and then—to keep from drawing U.S. artillery fire on the attorney's refuge—led his squad of Germans 100 yards away.

The attorney was not the only one to go to Reinhold's assistance. His neighbors and his friends began telephoning him to offer their help as soon as they heard of

his arrest. The president of a local neighborhood association wrote to Washington asking congressional relief for "this unfortunate man." At week's end, Reinhold, free on \$1,000 bond, felt that he had some grounds for hoping that the Government would allow him to settle down legally, and become a citizen.

## HISTORICAL NOTES

### Drummer Boy

Albert Woolson was only 17 when he joined the Army. It was October 1864, the war was almost over—and Albert felt he had to hurry for his share of glory. His father, a New York man, had lost a leg at Shiloh, and afterward had taken his family west to New Janesville, Minn. Albert learned the "rifle art" from a Win-

nebago Indian named Winneshake, and thus prepared, enlisted in the First Minnesota Regiment of Heavy Artillery.

He served as head drummer boy, after "knocking the block" off another drummer boy. Albert was fitted with a blue uniform and shipped to Tennessee in time to play his drum in battle; he went along when General George H. Thomas beat Hood's Confederates in the Battle of Nashville. He was mustered out the next year, one of nearly 2,000,000 Union veterans. He became a wood turner, worked quietly at his trade for 65 years, and retired at 83.

Gradually, by outliving other Union veterans, Albert became a celebrated man in Duluth, where he had settled down. Harry Truman sent him a telegram on his 100th birthday in 1947. Duluth schoolchildren collected 27,652 pennies, and had his portrait painted in the uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Last week, at 106, he achieved a more moving distinction—an old man named

James A. Hard died at Rochester, N.Y., at 111, and old Al Woolson became the only survivor of the Union Armies of the Civil War.\*

"I am proud to be the rearguard of such a gallant group of men," he said. But he did not dwell on the drama of the occasion, or say much about that vast host, once so young, so fierce, so frightened, so deadly, and now gone except for him. The drummer boy was so old that none of it really seemed important. He said happily that he had shoveled the walk six times during the winter, and still smoked eight cigars a day.

## TAXES

### Booze in the Wind

High federal taxes on liquor have produced a growing bootleg industry, and not all of it is hidden away in mountain valleys. Last week in Brooklyn, federal investigators made one of their biggest finds since prohibition days. Residents reported an aroma of mash in the wind and yeasty bubbles on the East River. Agents followed their noses to a two-story abandoned waterfront warehouse, climbed a six-foot metal fence, had a scuffle with a Doberman pinscher (which bit two of them), broke down three doors, and found a still which cost \$50,000 to build. It could turn out 2,500 gallons of alcohol and gyp the Government of \$50,000 in alcohol taxes every day. The agents arrested two men hiding behind the coils, started looking for the building's owner. A sign on a gate leading to the warehouse said: "Property of the City of New York."

## TRIALS

### Ten Years Later

As Jane Froman settled in the witness stand last week, her withered right leg was plainly visible to the jury and the tense, packed Manhattan courtroom. Songstress Froman was asking \$2,500,000 for damages suffered in the tragic Pan American Yankee Clipper crash in Lisbon's Tagus River ten years ago, in which 24 were killed. She wept softly as she recalled the crash. "I saw flashes of lightning as the plane approached the airport... I remember the plane banking to the left... I came in to land in the water. I was under the water. I pushed myself to the top. I called out for help. They came and took me to the dock. When I arrived at the hospital I couldn't move my arms, and the bones were sticking out of my leg."

Jane Froman's subsequent struggles were amply retold in last year's Hollywood extravaganza, *With a Song in My Heart*. Her right leg was nearly severed, and for weeks she was near death. Then began a slow, painful recovery which included 25 operations, years in wheelchairs and on crutches. Finally she walked onstage again,

but she still needs a heavy, ugly brace (she is now a \$4,000-a-week TV star). In 1948 Jane divorced her husband, Singer Donald Ross, a month later married Pilot John C. Burn, a fellow survivor of the Lisbon crash who had helped pull her out of the Tagus despite his own broken back.\*

In Jane Froman's supporting cast last week were Accordionist Gypsy Markoff, another Clipper victim, who asked \$1,000,000 for her own injuries and loss of income, and Jane's ex-husband Ross, who sued for \$100,000, to cover her hospital bills and his own loss of her company. The three had lost an early round, in 1949, when Pan Am's lawyers invoked the Warsaw Convention, a 1929 international



JANE FROMAN & HUSBAND  
Old memories brought fresh tears.

agreement which sets a ceiling of \$8,291.67 damages in an international flight accident. Now the suits charge that Pan American Pilot R. O. D. Sullivan recklessly disregarded instructions from the Lisbon Airport. The Warsaw limitation does not apply when the crash is caused by "willful misconduct." If the plaintiffs can prove willful misconduct, they may be able to collect a lot more than \$8,291.67.

This week Pilot Sullivan testified that he didn't know what happened, that the plane failed to respond to the controls.

In Washington last week, a federal court jury decided that Eastern Air Lines must pay \$65,000 for the deaths of Mr. &

Mrs. Ralph Miller, who were among the 55 (including Cartoonist Helen Hokinson) killed in a 1949 crash over National Airport. Claims against Eastern growing out of this accident may total \$15 million; the Miller case is the first of these to be decided. The Bolivian government refused to accept legal responsibility for Bolivian Pilot Erick Rios Broux, whose plane rammed the airliner.

## NEW ENGLAND

### By the People

When the snow is melting and the sap is running in the maple trees, town-meeting time comes to New England. Gone are the uncomplicated days when every municipal decision, big or little, was threshed out at weekly meetings; but most towns of less than 5,000 population (and some larger towns, too) still hold yearly or twice-yearly meetings at which the citizens elect local officials, vote appropriations and taxes, and turn a watchful eye—and often a sharp tongue—on the town administration's performance. Some meetings held this month:

¶ In Freeport, Me., the citizens took thought for their pocketbooks, voted against increasing the power of the town street lights from 60 watts to 100 watts.

¶ In Langdon, N.H., on the other hand, citizens disregarded their pocketbooks. Rather than spoil their 79-year-old covered bridge by remodeling it to meet state specifications for roadway bridges, the townsmen voted to build a new bridge and to keep the old one intact for its sentimental value.

¶ In Hingham, Mass., 821 meeting-goers considered a proposal to grant eight families living on Abington Street, near the town boundary, a \$7,000 loan so that they can have a water-piping system installed. Hingham's advisory committee opposed the loan on the grounds that it would "set a bad precedent." But then Mrs. John L. Kroesser told the meeting about the toil and trouble the lack of water pipes caused her and her neighbors: "After our wells went dry last August, we had to carry water from Rockland, about a mile away, and we kept this up until [December]." Fire Chief Albert W. Kimball said that he often lay awake at night "wondering what would happen if there was a fire on Abington Street." Dudley Allemen, a perennial speaker-up at Hingham town meetings, also favored the loan: "I'm not worried about precedent. If anything like this comes up again and we don't like it, by the Lord Harry, we can vote it down." The vote: an almost unanimous yeas.

¶ In Temple, N.H., sturdily keeping up the folks-are-folks tradition, meeting-goers blocked three successive motions by the town's best-known son: Bible-quoting U.S. Senator Charles Tobey of TV fame. Only on his fourth motion, a proposal to spend \$2,000 for snow removal in 1953, did the Senator win his fellow townsmen's ayes. He did not seem to mind being voted down; in his half-century of town meetings, he has grown used to such treatment.

\* Four Confederate veterans are still alive: W. W. Williams of Franklin, Texas, 110; William A. Lundy of Laurel Hill, Fla., 104; Thomas E. Riddle of Austin, Texas, 106; and John Salting of Slant, Va., 106.



# FOREIGN NEWS

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

### Death No. 2

Conspicuous among the grim, worried satellite leaders who journeyed to Moscow for Stalin's funeral was Klement Gottwald, 56, President of Czechoslovakia, chairman and secretary general of the Czechoslovak Communist Party. Of all Western Communists, Gottwald stood closest to new Soviet Boss Malenkov during the funeral ceremonies; only Chou En-lai of Red China stood closer. Although, in Moscow's view, Gottwald was merely a tried and trusty puppet, to the Czechs he was an absolute boss and tyrant. He had in his hands the government, the party, the army, the police. Four months ago he had hanged the last of his visible rivals, Rudolf Slansky, and all known Slansky adherents were eliminated with their leader. Thus, in Moscow last fortnight, Gottwald stood at the apogee of his long career. Last week death struck Klement Gottwald down.

Atop Lenin's tomb in Moscow, Gottwald had stood for 90 minutes in an icy wind and 12° cold. He had been in uncertain health for years, and he was a heavy guzzler who often showed up tipsy at official functions. When he returned to Prague, he looked well enough as he briskly reviewed an honor guard at the airport. But the next day he was ill. A clutch of doctors, including two Russians, called to his bedside in Hradcany Castle (medieval seat of the Bohemian kings), diagnosed his trouble as pneumonia and pleurisy.

The people of Czechoslovakia (and the world) were alerted in a series of meticulously detailed bulletins, interspersed with solemn music—a pattern in close imitation of Moscow's handling of Stalin's death. At last came the death bulletin, with assurances that, "to save the life of Klement Gottwald, all was done that could be done by human power," and that "Comrade Gottwald fought for his life almost until the last moment while fully conscious," and with a warning: "There must be no weakness or panic in our ranks. Let us rally even closer around the Central Committee. . . ."

**Black Mark Erased.** Gottwald was an earthy, peasant type who liked his pipe and hawdy jokes as well as the bottle. Beneath this exterior, he concealed a vast store of political savvy and cunning. The son of a poor farmer, he was born in Dedice, Moravia, became a carpenter's apprentice, was drafted into Austria's World War I army, was wounded on the Russian front, and subsequently deserted. In 1920 he switched from the Socialists to the Communists, by 1926 was chairman of the party, and a member of Parliament three years later. In 1939 he fled from the Nazis and spent the next six years in the U.S.S.R. After the war he returned in triumph, and in 1946, when the Communists won 38% of the popular vote, he became Prime Minister. The next year, with Beneš

and Masaryk still in the government, Gottwald was playing the democratic, popular-front line; he tried to take Czechoslovakia into the Marshall Plan. He was summoned to Moscow and reprimanded, and changed course overnight.

Somehow he persuaded the Kremlin to forgive his error; perhaps the black mark against him was erased by the smooth and effective way in which he (with Rudolf Slansky's help) engineered the Communist coup of 1948 against worn-out Eduard Beneš and disillusioned Jan Masaryk. After that, all Gottwald had to do was suppress his rivals and keep Moscow happy, both of which he managed fairly well. But Moscow has not been 100% happy, for Czechoslovakia, a highly in-

## RUSSIA

### Watch on the Wall

[See Cover]

The face that Moscow turned to the world this week was, except for the missing mustache, disconcertingly the same—fat, inscrutable, steely-eyed. Georgy Maximilianovich Malenkov and his fellow heirs to the proletarian kingdom of Joseph Stalin had stepped into power with every outward sign of unity.

On the big Red Square tomb, where on state occasions Russian bigwigs customarily line up in careful order like squat tennies, state sculptors chiseled the name СТАЛИН (Stalin) just below Lenin's. Presses began to grind out millions of



Associated Press

KLEMENT GOTTWALD (RIGHT) & FRIENDS\*

The Kremlin's wind created a dangerous vacuum.

dustrialized and once prosperous nation, has been in deepening economic crises for the past five years.

**The Vacuum.** Three days after Gottwald's death, no successor had been announced. Moscow, well aware of the dangerous power vacuum, sent a delegation to Prague headed by Marshal Bulganin—ostensibly to attend Gottwald's funeral. Outside the Iron Curtain, there was speculation that Czechoslovakia might abolish the office of President; even so, somebody had to be the country's boss. The chief aspirants were Prime Minister Antonin Zapotocky, 69, who is old for the job and perhaps not aggressive enough; Defense Minister Alexei Cepicka, 43, who rose to favor by marrying Gottwald's daughter, and is opportunistic and ruthless, but thoroughly disliked by other Communist leaders; Security Minister Karol Bacilek, 57, and Deputy Premier Vilim Siroky, 51, both of whom have the initial disadvantage of being Slovaks in a nation predominantly Czech. Even by Communist standards, there is not much to choose from.

copies of the three funeral orations by Malenkov, Beria and Molotov, and in many a dingy meeting hall from Thuringia to Tibet, dutiful comrades set to study them. It was important to get things straight, for this was the new catechism of Communism, to be echoed in a thousand Communist speeches and editorials. Thus Stalin got his reserved seat in the hierarchy of Red saints ("beside the greatest men in the history of mankind—Marx, Engels and Lenin"), and was singled out, in inflexible Red nomenclature, as the "inspired continuer of Lenin's will."

More modestly the buildup began for the new Premier, the Cossack with the shady past and forbidding presence who stepped from Stalin's shadow into the role of No. 1. Nobody cried: "Stalin is dead, long live Malenkov!" Molotov, in his funeral oration, did not even mention Malenkov's name. Beria, in his single reference to Malenkov, identified him as "the talented pupil of Lenin and

\* In Prague, 1947. From left: the late Rudolf Slansky, Georgy Malenkov, and P. F. Judin, a Cominform editor.



## NEWS IN PICTURES



**RED ARMY MARSHALS**, carrying Stalin's medals and decorations on ceremonial red pillows, form ranks beside honor guard at Stalin's

bier. The marshals (from left): Voronov, the next two unidentified, Meretskov, Timoshenko, Konev, Govorov, Sokolovsky and Budenny.





**STALIN'S COFFIN**, mounted on horse-drawn gun carriage, rolls through Red Square on its way from House of Trade Unions to entombment in the Lenin Mausoleum. Leading the funeral procession (from left): Molotov (in black hat), Bulganin, Kaganovich, Voroshilov, Premier Malenkov, Communist China's Premier Chou En-lai, Beria, Khrushchev.

**MOURNING RUSSIANS** crowd Moscow's Red Square, where thousands of floral wreaths are banked high along the Kremlin wall. In background, flanking the flat-topped Lenin Mausoleum: the onion-shaped cupolas of St. Basil's Cathedral (left) and the Spassky clock tower. At right: a 15th century watchtower guarding the Kremlin rampart.



the faithful comrade-in-arms of Stalin."

For the present, this was enough—and even this tribute involved some stretching of the facts. Far from having been a pupil of Lenin's, 51-year-old Georgy Malenkov took no part in Lenin's 1917 Revolution or the bloody civil war that followed. According to the official Soviet account, Georgy Malenkov joined the party at 18, which sounds young enough. The fact is, he had sat prudently on the sidelines for two years (1918-20), though the Red army occupied his Ural home town of Orenburg; he enlisted under Lenin's banner only after the outcome of the civil war seemed clear.

The New York Daily Worker, also prudent, ran the same editorial tribute to Stalin two days in a row because it was not sure what else to say; finally it

ready to head for home after a "legislature" session of 67 minutes.

Encased in a tightly buttoned greenish khaki tunic, Malenkov used the Soviet meeting for a replay of the old Stalin record of peaceful intentions toward the West. "At present," said he, "and in the future, there is no . . . question which cannot be solved by peaceful means. This refers to relations with all states, including . . . the U.S. . . ." The delegates broke into a roar of applause, and the more starchy-eyed Western diplomats, on hand for the rigged meeting, began to hear the beat of the wings of Russia's mechanized dove of peace; some of them interpreted Malenkov's generalized remarks as an invitation for the U.S. to come to the peace table.

Well rehearsed, the show was meant to

strength is, even during a transition).

It was too much to expect that the nervousness and uncertainty would be allowed to get out of hand. Georgy Malenkov & Co. are postgraduates in the school of power, who may scoff at the Bible but recognize the force of a Biblical maxim: "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

**Stresses & Strains.** The new rulers in the Kremlin inherited with Stalin's empire all the strains and stresses which assail its granite exterior; they did not inherit the cement of Stalin's myth and mystique. Now, on both sides of the great Red wall, the deadly, cold-eyed watch has begun—the Communists alert to prevent any fissures in their monolith; the West alert to find even hairline cracks through which to enter wedges.

To a diligent and patient West, the watch may well prove rewarding. There are weak points in the empire Stalin built, especially around the edges.

From behind the Iron Curtain last week came fragmentary but reliable news of how the subject peoples of Eastern Europe reacted to Stalin's death. In the big cities of Rumania, Hungary and Poland, many celebrated the event by covertly hoisting a few drinks. In Budapest the Reds herded some 500,000 into newly renamed Stalin Square on Dossa Györky Ut for a mass demonstration of grief; but the crowd responded only with passive sullenness. In Bucharest there was thinly concealed satisfaction on the faces of Rumanians in the street, and a flurry of minor panic among Communist officials. Cars came & went in a steady stream at the home of Rumanian Commissar Gheorghiu-Dej, and police guards were expanded at Red Ministers' homes. In some Rumanian villages, small-fry Communist's carried clubs or staves for protection, because they were not sure how people would react. Plain people around Prague were reported guardedly joyful. Red officials were so uncertain of their control that in many of the satellite areas they withheld the news of Stalin's death an extra 24 hours.

From Red Albania, geographically isolated by Tito's defection from the Communist empire, came disconnected and vague reports of rebellion against the government. Czechoslovak Red leaders talked out loud about "reactionary hyenas . . . prowling among us." Radio Sofia, official mouthpiece of Red Bulgaria, spoke of "traitorous elements" fighting the regime.

Beyond the control or direct threat of the Red army, Communism is facing even sharper difficulties. Malenkov, in his funeral oration, extended Moscow's official sympathy to the Communists fighting in Korea and Indo-China, but significantly he said not one word about Malaya—a tacit admission of defeat there.

In Western Europe, the really important news, so often obscured in the day-to-day haggling, is that the Reds have lost the postwar political battle. They can still make mischief, set off strikes, create sabotage, exploit popular grievances and nullify foreign policy. But in any election



STALIN & SUCCESSOR IN PRAVDA BUILDUP  
In a thousand dingy meeting halls, a new catechism to learn.

got the word and began to speak of "the Malenkov government." In the fashion set by Stalin, Pravda set to work with retouching brushes and scissors to glorify Georgy Malenkov. It ran a photograph showing him with Stalin and China's Mao Tse-tung—just the three of them. This proved to be a mutilation of a picture taken three years ago at the signing of the Sino-Soviet treaty; some 15 other Soviet big shots, including No. 2 Man Lavrenty Beria and No. 3 Man Molotov, were excised from the picture, and Malenkov was moved closer to Mao.

**Signs of Nervousness.** This week inside the Kremlin, in the palatial chamber of the Supreme Soviet, more than 1,200 voiceless legislators of the U.S.S.R. gave the façade of legality to the succession of Malenkov, Beria, Molotov & Co., formally "approved" unanimously the new government and the abolition of more than half the cabinet jobs that existed under Stalin. Some of the deputies had traveled for days from the Asiatic reaches of the U.S.S.R. to reach Moscow. They were

be further proof of the "monolithic solidarity" Malenkov boasted of. The Communist empire had survived the first convulsions of death and succession. But there were signs of nervousness and uncertainty: ▶ The mourning for Stalin ended abruptly four days after his death, only seven minutes after the tomb doors closed on his remains. The people were told to look not back but ahead.

▶ Red air waves chattered with admonitions to "keep calm" and assurances that there would be no "disarray or panic." Pravda and its lesser imitators were black with warnings against "enemies within and enemies without." Freshly made posters saying "Vigilance—Our Weapon—" were plastered on billboards all over Moscow and, presumably, in other Soviet cities. ▶ Malenkov talked of "the possibility of the prolonged co-existence and peaceful competition of two different systems, capitalist and socialist" (in hopes of winning time to consolidate), while Red MIGs over Germany shot down a British and a U.S. plane (to show how alert Soviet



BIERUT



CHERVENKOV



RAKOSI



ULBRICHT



GHEORGHIU-DEJ

Einfoto: Internat onal: John P. Hils—LIFE

In satellite capitals, passive sullenness and guarded joy.

where they have sailed under their true Red colors, they have been beaten. They are still big in Italy, and to a lesser degree in France, but in West Germany their numbers have dropped from 300,000 to 100,000; last month in Austria's elections they got but four out of 165 seats. In 1946 there were 16 Communists among the cabinet ministers of Western Europe; now there are none. Their party membership rolls shrink, their newspapers lose readers by the hundreds, in some cases have already folded.

**Sunk in Gloom.** The French party, once the most threatening in the West, has become disorganized during the long absence of Maurice Thorez (who was so ill in Moscow last week that he could not appear for Stalin's funeral), and divided over the recent purges of two of its stalwarts, André Marty and Charles Tillon. In Paris, Acting Boss Jacques Duclos put on a black hat and black overcoat when he got the word of Stalin's death, and led France's straggly delegation to Moscow for the funeral. Somehow, as he climbed into a chartered Polish airplane at Le Bourget, he seemed the symbol of what his French party had become—soft and flabby, and sunk in gloom. To the south, Italy's Palmiro Togliatti hastily scraped together a delegation, stuffed long woolen underwear and his Russian fur cap into a suitcase of a type the Italians call *Americana*, and hurried off to Moscow.

From burrows outside the Iron Curtain and baronies inside, Red plenipotentiaries rushed to the Kremlin by plane and train for the emergency ingathering of the clan. From East Berlin, his neatly barbered, Lenin-type goatee nuzzling a huge brown overcoat collar, flew Walter Ulbricht, who likes to be called "the little Lenin," wears the title of Deputy Premier, but is the real boss of Communist East Germany. From Budapest came the Jew-purging Jew, Matyas Rakosi, who used Stalin's purge-trial technique to install himself in control of postwar Hungary. From Bucharest came Premier Gheorghiu-Dej, the icy-eyed nemesis of Ana Pauker. From Sofia came Premier Vulko Chervenkov, so unimaginatively obedient that even the suspicious men of the Kremlin are said to have no worries about his loyalty. From Prague came President Klement Gottwald, who neatly disposed of Moscow-

groomed Rudolf Slansky before Slansky could dispose of him. From Warsaw came Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, the Russian whom all Reds hold out to be a Pole to excuse his running the Polish Defense Ministry and, through that, Poland itself; also from Warsaw came President Boleslaw Bierut, who served as a Red quisling during the Communist-Nazi invasion of Poland in 1939. From Albania came a mere vice minister—apparently Dictator Enver Hoxha is so plagued by local resistance and an interior minister with excessive ambitions that he dared not leave Tirana.

**Looking for a Tito.** Inside the Kremlin, walled off from the biting Moscow winter, they held council of cold war with their superiors. They came not as sovereign heads of state, but as servants, and they returned to their countries to rule in the name of Malenkov as they had previously ruled in the name of Stalin.

They were a physically unimpressive lot. One trait they shared with their new masters, Malenkov, Beria and Molotov: their small height. The ranks of the chief mourners, following the tall, uniformed

palbearers (see NEWS IN PICTURES), are a dumpy group, who could be posed alongside Stalin without dwarfing him.

This need to cut everyone down to size (leveling is its economic equivalent) made the satellite leaders an unlikely source of revolt. Seemingly, there is not a potential Tito in the lot. The man who pulled Yugoslavia out of the Moscow solar system was a Yugoslav hero in his own right; he fought his own battles, liberated his country and built his reputation without need of the bayonets of the Red army. Unlike Tito, the East European satellites have no orbits of their own; they are just the men in Moscow's moons—without popular following in their countries, their power dependent on slavish obedience to the Kremlin.

Of all who sat in Malenkov's cold-war council, only one—Czechoslovakia's Klement Gottwald—had ever been tinged with even a hint of Tito-like nationalist aspirations, and that was long ago. The issue of his loyalty quickly became irrelevant: he took cold at the funeral, went home and died.

Among the satellite nations, Poland and then Bulgaria are considered the most discontented—but neither has a border on the West. Then come the Czechs and the Albanians. Restless as they are, they are under control of the army and the police, and the army and the police are under control of men who are unlikely Titos.

**"Comrade Stalin's Behest."** Facing East, Georgy Malenkov could not be so sure of his biggest and most important ally—Mao Tse-tung, conqueror of China.

The only man since Stalin himself to achieve a great revolution, Mao now ranks ideologically as the world's No. 1 Red—and is probably quite conscious of it. Even to Stalin, he was more the strong-minded disciple than the servant. To Malenkov, the hothouse-bred, second-generation Soviet man, he owes no personal allegiance, no ideological debt. As if to underline his sense of independence, Mao did not go to Moscow for Joe Stalin's funeral, instead sent a delegation under his Premier and Foreign Minister Chou En-lai. At the first news of Stalin's death, Mao cabled President Shvernik, and Chou En-lai cabled Vishinsky; their condolence messages must have reached Shvernik and Vishinsky just as they were being fired,



European

CHINA'S MAO  
In the East, a cold reserve.



suggesting that Peking had no advance word of Malenkov's shake-up plans.

Mao's newspapers and radio orators bathed the country in praise of Stalin and his works, but the Chinese Reds handled Malenkov's succession with almost cold reserve, were slow to slip into anything resembling a real buildup of the new Kremlin boss. In a long panegyric to the late Stalin, Mao's only reference to Stalin's successor was: "We fully believe the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Soviet government, headed by Comrade Malenkov, will definitely be able to follow Comrade Stalin's behest to drive forward. . . . First the party, then the government, then Malenkov. One possible explanation: Mao recognizes that any struggle for power in Russia would inevitably spill over into China; alone of all subordinates, he dared pursue a course of semi-neutrality until certain who is in the saddle in Moscow.

The new Kremlin rulers took extraordinary pains to please Mao Tse-tung. His funeral delegation got places of honor. In the orations and proclamations, the other "People's Republics" were lumped together, but Mao's was always singled out first for praise. Malenkov assigned a key man as new ambassador to Peking—Vasily Kuznetsov, newly named a deputy foreign minister, and member of last fall's shortlived, 36-man Soviet Presidium. A bright star of Malenkov's generation (52) who headed the Soviet trade-union movement until recently, Kuznetsov once punched a time clock at Ford's River Rouge plant (for a brief period in 1932), got an engineering degree at Carnegie Tech, returned to the U.S. in 1945 at the head of a factory-touring delegation of Russian union bigwigs. He was once said to be "pro-American," but many silly things were said in those days.

**No Will or Way.** Moscow's pampering of Mao, and Peking's prudence, set commentators to talking again along their favorite line—Titoism. But in China too, the facts are against such a development. Items:

¶ Without a war to fight, Mao is utterly dependent on Soviet Russia for industrial products to run his country—for the materials, tools and technical skills to begin developing the industrial potential he needs to complete his revolution.

¶ With the Korean war to fight, he is completely dependent on the Russians for guns, tanks, MIGs, equipment and ammunition for his army.

¶ Ideologically, Peking and Moscow are blood brothers. Of all the Kremlin's allies, Mao, to judge by his own behavior, should be the last to flinch at cruelties, big lies or broken promises.

¶ The Sino-Soviet border stretches for some 5,000 miles along the northern and western edges of China. In partnership, it needs no policing. If he tried to break with Russia, fight in Korea, hold on to Manchuria, and hold off a revived Nationalist China, Mao would in effect be turning his borders with Russia into a suicidal second front.

Sources of friction undoubtedly exist between Malenkov and Mao. Does Malenkov dare let Mao develop industrial independence? How hard is Moscow squeezing Peking economically to pay for its military help? Who keeps Manchuria? These sources of friction now engage the attention of Washington's psychological warriors. They also engage the minds of many who think that Mao will become a Tito if only the West is gentle with him. "Imagine," editorialized London's *New Statesman and Nation* last week, "that the Chinese Communists were given their rightful seat on the Security Council. . . . Then the cement that holds the Stalinite empire so rigidly together might begin to flake away." The *New Statesman* inhabits a pink cloud all its own, but on this par-



VASILY KUZNETSOV  
There's a Ford in his past.

ticular issue there were some surprising echoes to the left & right in Britain.

**Beyond Gravity.** Yet Westerners who talk glibly of "making more Titos" forget that the West had little to do with making the original Tito. The marshal clapped on his space helmet and plunged on his own into the unexplored outer realms of Communist heresy. It was not until he passed beyond the pull of Kremlin gravity that the West gave a helping hand.

If Mao finds it difficult to get along with Malenkov & Co., then perhaps the course for the West is to make his life with Malenkov not easier, but even more difficult. This was the kind of debate stirring in Washington, London and elsewhere last week. The throes of change from Stalin to pudgy Premier Malenkov would open fresh opportunities, exploitable fissures for the West. Where they would come, what they would be, how they could be breached—these were questions that would beguile, harass and test both worlds, the captive and the free, for a long time to come.

## GERMANY

### Murder by MIG

High above the Iron Curtain—the twisting, 1,000-mile "dead zone" that cuts Europe in twain—Soviet fighter pilots mocked the name of Cold War with cannon and machine-gun fire. Twice in three days, Communist MIG fighters hurtled out of the East to shoot down allied planes.

**Thunderjet Down.** The first attack came one morning last week in the U.S. zone of Germany. Two U.S. F-84 Thunderjets, sent to investigate unidentified "blips" flew straight and level at 13,000 ft., ten miles west of the Communist Czech border. "The weather was good," said 1st Lieut. Warren G. Brown, a 100-mission veteran of the Korean war. "I sighted an aircraft at 1 o'clock [position]. I made three wide circles to throw him off; I was a little confused about what his intentions were."

First Lieut. Donald C. Smith, leader of the flight, saw two MIG fighters closing Brown's tail. "They opened fire," he said. "They hit Brown in the right stabilizer. He turned round, went on down and lost a wing tank. . . ."

"Bailing out," shouted the American into his interplane radio. He pulled his seat-ejection lever, shot out of the spinning wreck, and snatched at the rip cord. Brown landed unhurt in a tree near Falkenstein, 23 miles inside the U.S. zone.

High above the crash, Lieut. Smith circled until his buddy was safely down. Then he streaked for home: Fürstenfeldbruck Air Base, near Munich.

U.S. High Commissioner for Germany James B. Conant, former Harvard president, denounced the attack as "an outrage." Secretary of State Dulles ordered U.S. Ambassador to Prague George Wadsworth to protest in the strongest possible terms, demanding 1) an apology, 2) compensation, 3) punishment of the Czech pilots. The Communists' reply: the U.S. planes had "violated Czechoslovak air space," an assertion which the U.S.A.F. said could easily be disproved.

**Above the Elbe.** Two days later, above the River Elbe, which separates the British zone from Soviet-occupied Germany, a four-engine Lincoln bomber of the R.A.F. Flying Training Command was flying from east to west on the third leg of a practice flight from its base in Yorkshire. As it dived into Western Germany from the international air corridor connecting Hamburg with Berlin, two MIGs closed in and opened fire.

The World War II Lincoln, lumbering and prop-driven, banked hard to the right, then burst into flames. The wreckage fell on both sides of the Elbe, most of it in the Soviet zone. Four British bodies were found in the smoking fuselage; three others who bailed out died later of wounds.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill did not try to be diplomatic in Britain's note to the Russians: "Deliberate, brutal act of aggression . . . cold-blooded murder." But Soviet-Zone Commander Vasily I.





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Chukov had already added insult to injury. Though the Lincoln carried no ammunition and the breechblocks of its guns had been removed, Chukov accused the British of "invading" the People's Republic and of firing first at the MIGs.

**Directed Pattern.** There was more to come. Soviet MIGs swept deep into West Germany to make "menacing passes" at a second British bomber near the city of Kassel. A British European Airways Viking, on course for Berlin, was buzzed by Communist fighters when it strayed beyond the "edge" of the Berlin air corridor.

At first sight the Communist attacks appeared to form a pattern that argued top-level direction, perhaps from Moscow itself. They could also—though not so easily—be explained as isolated incidents, reflecting "nervousness" on the part of individual Communist pilots. Whatever the truth, the West took them seriously, promised to shoot back in the future.

## The Kidnap

Tipped off by an informer, West Berlin cops were waiting one night last week when a burglar broke into a junk dealer's home. They got more than an ordinary crook: once arrested, Kurt Knobloch began to talk, and what he said made the pinch, in the eyes of a top West Berlin police official, "the most important arrest made in West Berlin since the end of the war."

At 22, Knobloch is a veteran but inept burglar, with a record of four arrests and three convictions. He had finished one stretch in an East Berlin jail and was headed for a trial that might bring him another when he was visited by a top East German secret police bureaucrat known to him only as "Paul." Paul had a bargain to offer. If Knobloch would agree to help kidnap Dr. Walter Linse, the No. 2 man in the anti-Communist Investigating Committee of Free Jurists, he himself would be set free; if he refused, Knobloch would find himself in jail for a long, long time. Knobloch accepted the bargain.

Dr. Linse was a man the Communists wanted badly (*TIME*, July 21) and he was on guard. Before Knobloch's team was brought into action, another group of Communist thugs had tried three times to kidnap Dr. Linse, and failed. Then team No. 2—Knobloch, a professional wrestler and two other bully boys—got the alert. At 7:20 on the morning of July 8, an East German Opel, disguised as a West Berlin taxicab, stopped outside Linse's home. Linse emerged and Knobloch asked him for a light. As Linse fumbled for his lighter, the wrestler pinioned his arms. Linse broke free and ran to the "cab" seeking help. The thugs inside grabbed him, threw him into the back seat and sped off.

Linse stiffened his legs, thus held the car doors open. The thug sitting beside the driver pumped a bullet into Linse's legs; they relaxed and the door closed. Inside the Soviet zone, Paul and a major in the People's Police were waiting; they took Dr. Linse. Knobloch and his bud-

dies got a six-week, all-expenses-paid vacation and a \$250 bonus.

Last week, after signing the confession, Knobloch returned to his cell, became hysterical, ripped apart a tin can and nicked his left wrist artery, then beat on the wall, screaming: "Help me! I don't want to die!" Knobloch would not die. At the most, he might get 15 years for kidnapping. But what of Dr. Linse? Five stiff U.S. notes of protest had brought only Red shrugs. The Reds had Dr. Linse and the West had only a stupid, repentant, petty criminal named Kurt Knobloch.

## EGYPT

### Life Without Narriman

"His shoulders fascinated me, and his arms and his powerful wrists covered with dark, virile hair," cooed Farouk's Queen Narriman, in world-syndicated memoirs palmed off as her own. "And I found love



PRINCESS NARRIMAN  
Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

Tired—and tired of it all.

such as I would never have dared to hope for." For his part, wrote Farouk, who seemed to have an equally corny ghost-writer, "Life without her would be lonely indeed. . . . Narriman was the first human being . . . who really began . . . to understand the man behind the panoply of royalty."

Ever since Noguib's coup of last July stripped 33-year-old King Farouk of his crown, Narriman has had to contemplate Farouk's powerful, hairy wrists in exile—first on Capri, finally in a 30-room villa staffed by eight servants in the Alban Hills outside Rome. Bereft of palaces, they pursued pleasures: days at the races, nights at the opera, wee hours at Rome's tame little nightclubs. Each had a Mercedes-Benz, green for him, cherry red for her. Sometimes they appeared separately, 19-year-old Narriman with a coterie of envious, twittering, teen-age girls, Farouk

with a pretty French blonde or Italian brunette.

**Tired of It All.** Often Narriman sat for hours with her teetotaling husband at a nightclub without exchanging a word, while he accompanied the orchestra by banging the silverware, or led the musicians with a spoon. He gambled heavily. His tublike figure became familiar on the Via Veneto, puffing down to newstands to fuel up on comic books and spicy magazines.

After seven months of it, Narriman looked pale, tired—and tired of it all. Two weeks ago mother-in-law Mme. Assia Sadek flew in from Cairo and flew at the ex-King. Result: Narriman, impassive behind dark glasses, drove to Rome's Ciampino Airport in her red Mercedes-Benz, accompanied by her triumphant mother, also wearing dark glasses. After tearful partings with friends, Narriman the child bride flew off to Switzerland with her mother and her pet poodle, Jou-Jou, but not her son, King Fuad II, heir to the throne. In Geneva she announced that she would return to Cairo, where she could file for divorce. (Moslem wives may shed husbands by petitioning the Sharia, the Moslem personal court, for divorce on one of four grounds: infidelity, mistreatment, desertion or impotence.) Noguib had issued her an ordinary passport after a cabled personal appeal from Mme. Sadek, asking him to "help two lonely ladies in a foreign country."

**Collar Rendezvous.** Farouk took the end of marriage No. 2 philosophically (No. 1, to Farida, the "Peerless One," ended in 1948, after ten years, three daughters), and with more high-pitched prose: "Awaiting every new development with full faith in the justice of God," he had his lawyer tell newsmen, Farouk "bows to His will with absolute serenity."

A few hours later, looking absolutely serene, Farouk descended into the upholstered cellar of Rome's Club Boite Pigalle, where, at the usual reserved table, with a bottle of mineral water in the champagne bucket, he held a 2 a.m. rendezvous with a blonde.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Tito Visit

The last time Tito left home on a big trip, he went to Moscow. That was back in 1946. Last week Tito was off again, in a different direction. No longer Communism's leading non-Russian, but now the world's leading anti-Russian Communist, he was going to London to see the Queen and her ministers. Object: a fuller partnership with the West.

He traveled on a 720-ton ex-Italian minelayer, now the Yugoslav training ship *Galeb* (Seagull). The royal welcome began in the Sicilian Channel, where the British destroyers *Chieftain* and *Chevron* steamed up to convoy the dictator. At Gibraltar three more British destroyers and three aircraft carriers joined up, cannon booming, and 60 planes roared past in

a "flyover" (three crashed, killing four officers).

Up the coast of Europe and into the English Channel moved the tiny *Galeb*, beneath an umbrella of R.A.F. planes. Tito transferred to the Port of London launch *Nore*, passed up the Thames under London's bridges (closed off and guarded by armed police) to Westminster Pier for a grade A reception by Prime Minister Churchill. Foreign Secretary Eden, the Duke of Edinburgh, a 166-man brass band. Then a War Office armored Rolls-Royce with bulletproof windowglass whisked Tito and Churchill off to No. 10 Downing Street.

The security precautions were extraordinary. Police leaves were canceled, and specific news of each scheduled event was blacked out until it was over. Scotland Yard's Special Branch issued detailed instructions to its security forces only at the last minute, and then not by phone but by messenger. Chief constables throughout Britain were ordered to report on all Yugoslavs in their areas; special officers, working with the Yugoslav embassy, guarded all suspected individuals—monarchists, anti-Titoists, crackpots and Communists—according to "danger value."

## Progress

What fuming motorists have long suspected, Britain's Royal Automobile Club last week confirmed. Looking up old records, the R.A.C. discovered that on the busiest of mornings in 1905, two-horse broughams could clip-clop down Piccadilly, from Hyde Park Corner to the Circus, at 14.8 m.p.h. Then the R.A.C. measured the crawl of motorcars through today's congested Piccadilly traffic. Average speed: 6.2 m.p.h.

## Murder at the Ritz

To a prim, convent-educated London typist, Pierre-Joël Delaître was all that a storybook French nobleman should be: tall, educated, tastefully dressed, charming, wealthy. To those who knew him better, he was also mean, hot-tempered, pampered, and a wastrel. Reared in luxury at the 18th century Château de Maintenon, Pierre was the scourge of the neighborhood—borrowing the tenants' farm horses to race across country, frightening the villagers of nearby Préchâtel by roaring through their marketplace in his racing car. He frittered away a fortune and tried to recoup by smuggling, but fell afoul of the law and paid a heavy fine. He carried off the family treasures to pawn or sell. Once he was reduced to selling lollipops to vacationing suckers at a seaside resort.

**Typist on the Beach.** "Pierre is no good," his mother used to say, as she let him have more francs to throw away. On the eve of his wedding, he chased his bride with a shotgun; she divorced him after their honeymoon.

Then Pierre met Eileen Hill, a London typist taking her vacation on the Breton coast of France. Eileen, daughter of a retired policeman, fell hard. Pierre, who was 40, took her nightclubbing in Paris, whirled

her from bistro to chalet in his Bugatti racer. She became his mistress.

When Eileen got back to London, said her landlady, "she had her hair dyed blonde and told us she was going to Paris to marry a Frenchman." Back to Paris she went—but her Frenchman had changed. Eileen ran away while he slept, and returned to England with a black eye.

Pierre hired two detective agencies to find her, and when they did, he dashed to London, asking Eileen to marry him. Eileen said no, but agreed to one last week-end together. As "Mr. & Mrs. Pierre Delaître of Paris," they registered a fortnight ago at the Ritz, the staid old Victorian hostelry on Piccadilly. Their room was No. 223—one of the best in the house, painted a glowing pink and with a Louis XIV bed.

**Razor & Rope.** One morning last week the maid got no reply when she knocked at the door of Room 223. Police broke it



PRIME MINISTER YOSHIDA & FRIEND  
In the black box, yellow markers.

down. They found the room a shambles, the bedclothes scattered. Some time in the night, Pierre Delaître had strangled Eileen and slashed her throat with a razor. She died on the Louis XIV bed. Pierre had cut his own throat, but not deeply enough. Bleeding heavily, he had scribbled an incoherent note telling of his anguish at losing the woman he could not live without, then tied one end of a 9-ft. rope around his neck. With the other end secured to the end of the bed, he had evidently walked backwards until the knot tightened and ended it all.

Scandalized and worried at what some of its titled clientele might think, the Ritz sealed Room 223, destroyed the Louis XIV bed, had the numerals 223 removed from the door and the number expunged from the hotel registry.

## Defeat in the Diet

Ever since Japan regained independence eleven months ago, 74-year-old Premier Shigeru Yoshida has had to battle his own political supporters as well as his opponents. Last week, in the Diet's lower house, Yoshida drummed his fingers on his desk while members filled up a black-lacquered box with yellow (aye) vote markers—and thereby kicked him out of office. Of the 220 Diet members who voted no confidence in Yoshida, 22 were members of his own Liberal Party; 218 Liberals stuck with their Premier.

Yoshida's intraparty troubles stem from a promise he made in 1946, when he took over the party presidency from Ichiro Hatoyama, who had just been declared by Douglas MacArthur to be ineligible for any office of public trust. Yoshida assured Hatoyama that he would step down if Hatoyama should ever be eligible to hold office again. When the occupation ended, Hatoyama was free to play politics, but Yoshida hedged. Last fall, when the Liberals won a slim majority in the Diet, Yoshida—who controlled the party machinery—got himself renamed Premier. Hatoyama gave in but did not give up; his followers have been itching for a chance to overthrow Yoshida.

**The Insult.** Fortnight ago their chance came. Yoshida was under attack in the press for following a foreign policy "subservient" to that of the U.S. Socialists accused him of rearming Japan before Japan can afford rearmament; rightists warned that he is not rearming Japan fast enough to meet the Communist threat. (Hatoyama favors direct rearmament, wants to remove the disarmament pledge which MacArthur put into the Japanese constitution; Yoshida prefers the subterfuge of a national police force.)

In the Diet, all opposition parties ranged up on Yoshida's plan to take Japan's police and school systems out of the hands of local government, where the U.S. occupation placed them, and set them under the national government. The Yoshida program, they said, was a reversion to "evils of the past." Needled by opposition delays, Yoshida lost his temper, called an opposition member an idiot. In the excessively polite Japanese language, this was an insult indeed. Though he hastily apologized, the opposition pressed home a vote of censure, followed it up with the non-confidence motion. Yoshida thereupon dissolved the Diet, forcing new elections, to be held April 19.

**Possible Coalition.** Yoshida boasts that his party will win a greater majority in the new elections than they got in October. But with Hatoyama and his dissident Liberals running on a splinter ticket, Yoshida may get beaten. The opposition is scattered, but might unite in a coalition headed by Hatoyama or by one-legged Mamoru Shigemitsu, the Progressive Party leader, who, as Foreign Minister, signed Japan's surrender aboard the *Missouri*, and was convicted as a war criminal.

# INTERNATIONAL

## WESTERN UNION

### U.S.E.

"I will not try to conceal the emotion which assails me at this moment," said Paul-Henri Spaak, the plump Belgian Socialist who looks like Winston Churchill. "Not ten years ago, the countries represented here . . . had but one thought: to destroy each other as completely as possible . . . We recovered, we pulled ourselves together; and while forgetting nothing—for to do so would be profane—we resolved to set forth on the great adventure . . . Therefore, this draft treaty is not only a moving message of reconciliation; it is an act of confidence in the future."

Spaak, tears in his eyes, was addressing a European Constitutional Assembly gathered last week in the horsehide-paneled chamber of Strasbourg's Palais de l'Europe. As chairman of a committee charged with drafting a constitution for a United States of Europe, he presented the Assembly with 116 Articles bound in a blue leather volume. If approved by the six governments and parliaments of "Little Europe," the constitution would establish a supranational U.S.E. sustained by a population equal to the U.S.A. (155 million), nourished by the coal & steel of the Schuman Plan, defended by the soldiers of the European Army (EDC).

Europe's authority would rest on:  
 ¶ A 268-man "People's Chamber" elected by popular vote. Composition: France and the French Union, 70 members; Germany, 63; Italy, 63; Belgium, 30; the Netherlands, 30; Luxembourg, 12.

¶ An 87-man European Senate elected by the six national parliaments. Composition: France, Germany and Italy, 21 members apiece; The Netherlands, 10; Belgium, 10; Luxembourg, 4.

¶ A President of the U.S. of Europe, elected by the Senate and choosing his own international cabinet (Executive Council).

**Europe's Washington.** Paul-Henri Spaak had played James Madison's part in drafting the constitution; now he saw himself as George Washington. He even quoted Washington ("Individuals entering society must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest"), and advised the six Foreign Ministers who attended the Assembly to follow the U.S.'s example. "If we show the same boldness . . . there is no sound reason why we should not achieve the same success. Ours alone is the task . . . of giving back to the Old Europe her strength, her greatness and glory . . . We can carry out one of the most magnificent things in history."

Moved by their chairman's eloquence, the Assembly delegates voted a rousing approval: 50 to 0, with five abstentions, four of them French (two Gaullists, two

Socialists). The Foreign Ministers, whose approval in effect would bind their governments, were less ready to throw in with the plan. France's Georges Bidault tried his best to be enthusiastic ("I am happy to pay you . . . the tribute: 'Salute to the Adventurers'"), but he spoke with the voice of weary experience: "Let us beware of thinking . . . that all things are possible to hearts that are sincere."

Bidault bills himself as a sturdy champion of European unity, but once more it fell to him, as it had recently in Rome, to dampen enthusiasm and delay progress. Other ministers—notably Italy's De Gasperi and Germany's Adenauer, who double as Foreign Ministers—enthusiastically support a U.S. of Europe, believing that their parliaments are more apt to accept military unity (EDC) if it is accompanied by political and economic unity.

**Further Study.** In Strasbourg last week, Bidault paid the Socialists' price and made Europe pay it too. The Foreign Ministers, in the communiqué that they finally agreed on, promised only further study. It was a comedown from the heroic oratory that opened the conference, but one man, at least, was unabashed. "Great perseverance will be required," said Paul-Henri Spaak. "But . . . one day, in a larger and more solemn Assembly than the present one, the United States of Europe . . . will at last be proclaimed."

## THE UNITED NATIONS

### "You Had Many Friends"

In the U.N. Russia's stone-faced Andrei Gromyko (serving as a stand-in for Andrei Vishinsky) delivered the set Soviet piece last week. Perhaps because the new lyrics



PAUL-HENRI SPAAK ADDRESSING THE EUROPEAN ASSEMBLY  
 Even to hearts sincere, all is not possible.

Bidault's hesitations reflected just the opposite: he feared the talk of a U.S. of Europe would jeopardize the chances of the European Army Treaty in the French National Assembly. Having lost the support of the Gaullists, Bidault needs the support of the French Socialists to ensure ratification, and the Socialists have their price: no more cuddling up to "Vatican Europe" (by which they mean the Catholic-Conservative governments of Adenauer and De Gasperi) until after the national elections in Italy (June) and Germany (September). Then, the Socialists believe, Europe may turn again to the left, and union can be consummated on good old Socialist principles. Or so the French Socialists say. The fact is, they are a veering, indecisive lot, whose hesitations have helped make postwar French policy the impotent thing it is.

had not yet arrived from Moscow, he played the same old scratchy tune: the U.S. had started the Korean war; the U.S. had blocked every genuine attempt to end it; U.S. armed forces are guilty of "terror."

Up to his full 6 ft. 3 in. rose U.S. Delegation Chief Henry Cabot Lodge to reply: "The U.S. Army that you have sought to smear here today is the same U.S. Army that stood beside the Russian army to defeat Nazism in World War II . . . The U.S. Army was good enough for you in 1942, 1943, 1944, and 1945. It has not changed. It would be good enough for you now if your government's position had not so tragically changed."

Lodge continued, speaking straight to Moscow: "You had many friends but you have lost a good deal of that friendship and respect . . . You have lost them be-

\* The Schuman Plan nations: France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands, Luxembourg.



cause of the fear which seems to motivate everyone in an official position in your country. This fear is not a rational fear of attack from the outside. . . . It must be a fear of their own people, a fear that stems from the tyranny which they impose on the Soviet people. It is this fear which motivates Soviet imperialism. . . .

The audience roared their applause until General Assembly President Lester Pearson cracked his gavel. Before the U.N. forum, the U.S. had often made its case with telling legal corrections; seldom had its case been made with such simple, quotable eloquence.

Lodge continued: "... Last week the Soviet representative [Vishinsky] said to me, 'You are going to lose Asia anyway.' That astounding remark made me realize how far apart his view of humanity is from mine. The U.S. is not trying to get Asia. We have never thought of Asia as some sort of object inhabited by slaves which was to be won or lost by outsiders."

Also on last week's U.N. agenda: choosing a successor to U.N. Secretary Trygve Lie, who is resigning after seven years because of Russian disfavor. His successor must 1) get the votes of at least seven of the eleven Security Council members; 2) avoid a veto by one of the permanent Big Five (U.S., Britain, France, China, Russia); 3) secure ratification by two-thirds of the General Assembly.

The U.S. had nominated the Philippines' Carlos Romulo, who won only five votes (U.S., China, Colombia, Greece, Pakistan), two less than needed, and was counted out. Russia named Polish Foreign Minister Stanislaw Skrzyszewski, who got only one vote (Russia). Denmark proposed Canada's Lester Pearson, and many believed that he would not be actively opposed by Russia. Pearson overcame the first obstacle with nine votes (U.S., Britain, France, China, Chile, Denmark, Pakistan, Colombia, Greece), but fell before the second, a Soviet veto (its 36th in the Security Council). The ballots, which are supposed to be secret but aren't, were then ceremoniously burned in a tin wastebasket. One possibility: if the Security Council cannot find anyone acceptable to Russia, it may decide to stick with Lie.

## WAR IN KOREA

### Ace of Aces

On the afternoon of Friday the 13th, 48 F-86 Sabre jets took off from airfields in South Korea and headed north across the battle line. Their mission: to screen and protect a flight of fighter-bombers.

Leading one element of the Sabres was a Texan named Royal N. Baker, who had flown British Spitfires against the Luftwaffe in 1942, was now, at 34, a colonel and commander of the Air Force's 4th Fighter-Interceptor Wing. Nearly 40,000 ft. up, Baker and his followers ran into a flight of eight MIG-15s. Two of the MIGs turned tail and headed for the Yalu. Taking out after one of them, Baker edged

close, fired one short burst. The shots "just sprayed the air because I was caught in his jetwash." From 1,200 ft. away, Baker fired another burst. It hit, and the MIG started smoking.

Just then, Colonel Baker's headset crackled with a warning: two more MIGs were poised high above him. He veered off to the left. "When I saw they weren't coming I went back after my original boy," said Baker afterwards. "I picked him up in a trail of smoke. But he was out beyond the range of my guns."

To catch up, Baker pushed on his throttle, forced his Sabre jet through the sound barrier. From a distance of 800 ft., he fired a long burst of his guns. The MIG started coming apart. The cockpit canopy flew off to the left, and the pilot narrowly missed



COLONEL BAKER  
He lucked out on Friday the 13th.

Baker's plane as his ejection seat dumped him to the right. The MIG, trailing flame, crashed ten miles south of the Yalu.

That afternoon, the Sabre jet pilots shot down six Red MIGs. But the one they were proudest of was Baker's: it was the twelfth MIG he had destroyed and made him the leading jet-to-jet ace of the Korean war. Previous record holder: another Texan, Major George A. Davis of Lubbock, who destroyed eleven MIGs in ten weeks, then was shot down himself (TIME, Feb. 18, 1952). Said Baker: "I just lucked out on him." The Air Force, just to make sure that luck doesn't finally run out on its new ace of aces, ordered Baker to stay on the ground until it can send him home to McKinney, Tex. to his wife & four kids.

Baker flew just 128 missions in Korea. Last week Australian Pilot Officer Ken Murray completed his 333rd jet mission. Murray has flown more combat sorties than any other pilot in Korea. He, too, will soon be home—in New South Wales.

### "Now We're Piggin' It"

Recently a top U.S. commander was asked which were the best line divisions in the Eighth Army. Without hesitation, he answered: the U.S. 1st Marine Division and the British 1st Commonwealth Division. In a valley north of Seoul during the dark days of December 1950, a British lieutenant colonel had just ordered a necessary counterattack during a withdrawal action. The officer (who was killed a few months later) was holding a mess tin with some scraps of food in it, and weeping as he watched his men fall. He turned to a U.S. correspondent beside him. "You'll forgive me for saying so, sir," he said, "but the British soldier is the finest fighting man there is." Then he tucked his swigger stick under his arm and strode off to lead the second wave up the ridge.

Last week security finally allowed it to be said that the 1st Commonwealth Division has been pulled out of the line, for the first time in nearly two years. The first British troops in Korea—Middlesex, Royal Ulster Rifles, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders—were rushed up from Hong Kong in the summer of 1950, the first summer of the war.

**Shared Bottles.** Since then, Commonwealth troops have shared most of the U.N. triumphs and setbacks, and the long sidown that followed. When Britons at home think of the Korean fighting (as they rarely do), they are most likely to remember the heroic stand of the Gloucesters on the Imjin, when one battalion was almost annihilated. On less spectacular occasions, Commonwealth troops have plugged holes in a crumbling U.N. line. When things go badly they are calm, solid, effective.

The division rotates battalions instead of individuals, and most military men believe this is a better system than the U.S. scheme of individual rotation. Now, the division is preparing to integrate Koreans into their units, in the same fashion as the American KATUSA (they will be called KATCOMS). In the present rest-and-training phase, the division is composed of three brigades, one Canadian, one Scottish-English, one mainly Australian, and other smaller units, including a New Zealand artillery regiment. The Canadians and Aussies are all volunteers. They are commanded by Major General Michael Montgomerie Alston-Roberts-West, who prefers to be known as Mike West.

**The Political Blokes.** Not all of the division's officers and men are enjoying their life back of the lines. Said a junior officer: "It was really pretty thick of them, taking us out of our nice battle line. We had permanent buildings right up to brigade, and commodious bunkers, right up to battalion. The Black Watch officers' mess was in a bunker big enough to seat 30. Now we're piggin' it in these bloody training area tents." An Australian gunnery sergeant indicated he would like some fighting: "Our political blokes don't like us to say so, but we don't like sitting on our duffs any better than you do."



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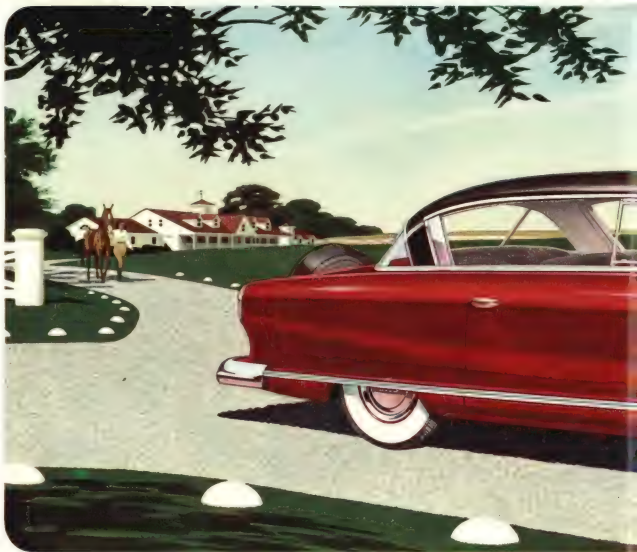
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## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

On a rainy day in Manhattan, **Lord Dunsany**, 74-year-old Irish poet-playwright, believer in fairies and master of the fantastic, arrived on the *Queen Mary* for his first U.S. visit in 30 years. Before he flew off to spend the rest of his vacation in California, a *New York Times* reporter panned a few verbal nuggets. Samples:

Did he object to flying in such weather? "I am eager to go. There's nothing more fascinating than the other side of the clouds; the far side is intensely beautiful." His philosophy? "I'll give you quite a chunk of my philosophy in just seven words: 'The wolf is always at the door.' There's no use killing any of them, because there is always another. I'm not complaining of him—he keeps us fit and even alive, if we are alert." His best period of writing: during the 1940 blitz on London, when he was a member of the Home Guard. "Göring used to send his boys over every day and night then. And I found it a stimulus to writing poetry. Why, the air was full of gold those days; you had only to reach up and pull it down."

**Eugene Dennis**, general secretary of the U.S. Communist Party, now serving a five-year sentence for conspiracy in Atlanta's federal penitentiary, entered the prison hospital to have his infected gall bladder removed.

Doctors gave Actress **Bette Davis**, whose Broadway show *Two's Company* closed a fortnight ago because of her frequent illness, an unhappy diagnosis: severe chronic osteomyelitis of the jawbone. She was ordered to the hospital to have the entire infected portion of the bone removed.

**William O'Dwyer**, former U.S. Ambassador to Mexico and now a Mexico City



MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK & FRIENDS  
For lunch, a concentrated discussion.

International

émigré, was in a Beverly Hills clinic with "an old thyroid condition that needs checking every so often."

**Queen Mary**, 85, was reported to be recovering after a 19-day battle with a gastric upset. The **Duke of Windsor**, on his way to visit her, said that because of one of his mother's well-known idiosyncrasies he had been "very worried" and unsatisfied with the secondhand reports of her condition. He had not been able to speak with her by phone because "my mother has never spoken on the telephone in her life. It is one of those strange things. She is sort of scared of it. I don't know why."

**Arthur Godfrey** planned to take sick leave (beginning May 4) from his CBS radio and television shows to have a surgeon patch up an old hip injury suffered in an auto accident 20 years ago.

In Princeton, N.J., science's Grand Old Man **Albert Einstein** forsook his comfortable, baggy sweater and slacks and dressed up in a neat grey suit to meet the press for a 74th-birthday conference. To reporters, he patiently explained some of the aspects of his lifelong project: the unified-field theory (an attempt to integrate the phenomena of gravitation, magnetism and electricity into one law). He then recalled a simpler discovery made a long time ago: the moment that decided his future as a scientist. It was, he said, the sight of an ordinary compass at the age of five. One of his birthday presents, another honor: the new \$10 million medical school to be built by Yeshiva University in The Bronx will be called the Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

Blonde Actress **Eva Gabor**, off the Broadway stage since her debut in *The Happy Time* three years ago, had an audience again. She began as a Manhattan disk jockey on a midnight-to-2 a.m. trick, and, with a well-known guest star, pulled off what the *New York Times* called "the

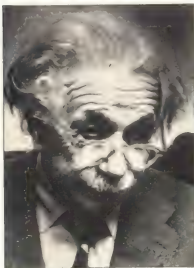
coup of the season." Wrote TV Critic Jack Gould: "For an hour and a half she made **Walter Winchell** sound like an ordinary mortal . . . He slowed down his speaking style to where it was usually understandable . . . A number of times he laughed out loud—and at himself."

The annual International Flower Show in Manhattan introduced a new blue-and-yellow hybrid primrose called "The Francesca" in honor of **Francesca Lodge**, wife of Connecticut's Governor John Lodge.

At a meeting of the local Red Cross nursing service in Washington, Draft Boss Major General **Lewis B. Hershey**, 59, won a new title: diaper-pinning champ. Hershey, father of four, grandfather of eight, showed his veteran's ability in the swaddling contest which used dolls for models.

Official Washington greeted a familiar visitor: **Madame Chiang Kai-shek**, still pleading the cause of Nationalist China. After a visit to the White House and a conference with the President, photographers saw her later at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The scene: lunch in the Senate dining room, with Madame Chiang sitting between her hosts, Senator **Styles Bridges**, head of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee, and House Speaker **Joe Martin**, and Vice President **Richard Nixon** playing the position of concentrated right end to the discussion.

In San Francisco, **Vincent W. Hallinan**, who served five months for contempt of court last year and came out of prison to run as presidential candidate for the Communist-backed, Progressive Party, was in trouble again. The poor man's candidate and his wife were charged with dodging income taxes for the years 1946 through 1950. They had declared an income of \$122,577, said the Department of Justice, when the figure was actually \$354,742.



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## Symphony Traffic

In Manhattan, the symphony season reached its winter peak, and Carnegie Hall resounded with fine music night after night. The resident New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the NBC Symphony gave their usual concerts. In addition, four major visiting orchestras came packing in within six days to fly their flags in the musical capital of the U.S.

The 91-man **Pittsburgh Symphony** led the parade. Under the baton of William Steinberg, and with Violinist Isaac Stern as soloist, the up & coming Pittsburgh gave a high-spirited performance featuring Gustav Mahler's *First Symphony* and Modernist Bela Bartok's *Violin Concerto*. Listeners and critics were especially impressed by the orchestra's brilliance and enthusiasm.

The 104-member **Chicago Symphony** came next, for its first visit in 13 years. Its conductor, Rafael Kubelik, was in an awkward spot, since the Chicago is not renewing his contract (the Metropolitan Opera's Fritz Reiner will succeed him). But he picked an ambitious program, including Beethoven's *Eroica* and Modernist Bohuslav Martinu's *Double Concerto for Two String Orchestras, Piano and Kettledrums*, and led his musicians in some expansive, grand-manner interpretations.

Next night, the brilliant 110-piece **Philadelphia Orchestra** was on the stage. Eugene Ormandy led Sibelius' *Seventh Symphony*, and Violinist Nathan Milstein was the soloist in Beethoven's *Violin Concerto*. Their Manhattan concert was routine for the Philadelphians, who will play Carnegie Hall ten times this season.

Finally came the virtuoso **Boston Symphony** with 103 members. Conductor Charles Munch built his program around a rugged performance of Beethoven's *Fourth*. It was the Boston's ninth Manhattan visit of the season.

Noteworthy facts about the big week:

1) There were no program duplications. Beethoven was the composer most played (three symphonies and a concerto), Wagner and Bartok next.

2) At every concert, at least 95% of the house was filled.

## Victor & Gianella

Gianella de Marco of Pescara, Italy, is a leggy little eight-year-old with mouse-colored hair and smoky blue eyes. She may also be one of the most remarkable musical talents in a generation. Fortnight ago, with a doll or two packed in her luggage along with her batons, Gianella arrived in England to rehearse the famed London Philharmonic for performances in Manchester and London.

Philharmonic musicians were not impressed at the prospect. "If an eight-year-old thinks she can teach anything to an experienced orchestra like the L.P.O.," one of them fumed, "I'll teach my grandmother to suck eggs." They confidently expected to have their own way with

the music: Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, Haydn's *Symphony No. 73*, and the *William Tell* overture. But they were in for a rude shock. The young *maestrina* had her own ideas about tempo—generally she likes it faster than the London Philharmonic does—and she rapped them to a halt time & again to tell them so.

There were moments of muttering that almost came to open revolt. Once Gianella herself was so upset that she flounced to the back of the podium where she had propped up a doll named Victor, and told Victor: "*Bambini! Tutti bambini!* [Children! They're all children!]." But by the end of the rehearsal, most of the orchestra was won over. "She was right every



CONDUCTRESS DE MARCO  
With her batons, a doll or two.

time she pulled us up," said a violinist. "She's a genius," said a cellist.

**A Trance?** Gianella's parents, Building Engineer Lido de Marco and his wife, an ex-opera singer, got their first clue to the youngster's phenomenal talent when she was four. They came home one night to find Gianella standing up in bed, her eyes shut, conducting an imaginary orchestra to the strains of Beethoven's *Fifth* on a neighbor's radio. Papa de Marco shrugged the incident off as "some sort of trance."

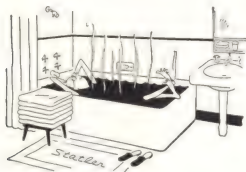
But Mama de Marco took Gianella off to a musician, whose skepticism quickly turned to astonishment. At 4½, she made her Rome debut at the St. Cecilia Academy. A few months later, she appeared in Spain, South America and Paris, and was touted by such famed conductors as Wilhelm Furtwängler and Victor de Sabata (for whom she named her doll)—all before she could read a note of music. When she was seven, Gianella decided she wanted to conduct opera, buckled down for ten months of study. She made her



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An *Itch*. Before her British debut in Manchester last week, the public was as skeptical as the musicians of the L.P.O. had been. The hall was less than half full. But at the end of the performance, most of the audience stood up to cheer. Two nights later, 6,000 Londoners watched and listened while Gianella guided the orchestra with professional aplomb. Gianella started badly, muffing the opening bars of the overture to *Der Freischütz*, but soon found herself. Then came Haydn's *Symphony No. 73*—with Gianella and the L.P.O. outdoing themselves—and the *Tannhäuser* overture. By this time, the Albert Hall audience was applauding wildly—though whether from seeing a conductor who unabashedly scratched her bottom during the Haydn or from pure admiration of her musicianship, it was not yet apparent. But after a roof-raising Beethoven *Fifth* and a racing *William Tell*, there was no doubt about Gianella's acceptance. While Albert Hall stood and cheered, she took a bouquet and threw it flower by flower at her audience.

The critics, though inclined to deplore child prodigies in principle, tossed a few bouquets of their own. "Really good performances, a credit to conductors and players alike," said the *News Chronicle*. "Genuine, albeit immature, musicianship," said the *Times*. Self-critical Conductress de Marco decided it had been a "pretty good" performance.

Whether prodigious Gianella de Marco will really fulfill her promise as a musician is obviously a question for the future. But at week's end, with the London Philharmonic and the London public snugly in the palm of her hand, she was aiming at further acceptance. Gianella wrote a letter to "Cara Regina Elisabetta," inviting the Queen to attend her concert next week.

## Thoughtful Mezzo

In Philadelphia last week, Mezzo-Soprano Blanche Thebom declaimed the bitter story of *Medea* to the subdued accompaniment of the Philadelphia Orchestra. It was the world premiere of a 20-minute musical monologue by Atonalist Ernst Krenek, based on Poet Robinson Jeffers' version of the old Greek masterpiece—and one more sample of the broad and busy range of roles that falls to the Metropolitan's Soprano Thebom (pronounced Theb-om) these days.

In the matter-of-fact tone of a chronicler, she sped through the early lines, told how she, *Medea*, had lavished her love on her husband Jason, only to have him leave her for another woman. Gradually, with ever-widening vocal leaps and roller-coaster plunges, she worked up to her thoughts of revenge and—with a piccolo shrieking—to the murder of her own and Jason's children. The piece ended in a gloomy postlude. When it was over, the orchestra gave Thebom a concerted "Bravo!" and the audience, once it recovered its composure, called her back five times.

Like most Met stars, handsome Blanche



Elwood P. Smith  
MEZZO-SOPRANO THEBOM (AS *MEDEA*)  
The piccolo shrielled murder.

Thebom, 35, spends more of her time making personal appearances than on the Met stage (36 concerts and recitals this season). Unlike most of them, she is always on the lookout for a distinctive score. Two years ago, she met Composer Krenek and suggested to him that *Medea* was an ideal subject for the dark tones of the mezzo-soprano voice.

Says Thebom: "Most composers, and that includes the ones who are considered to write very well for the voice, make demands upon singers that are impossible." This time she was in on composition's ground floor. She corresponded steadily with Krenek, working over many details of vocal usage. In general, the Thebom-Krenk collaboration put lyrical passages in the low range, declamatory ones in the middle and dramatic outbursts up high. Now she thinks *Medea* sings as well as any concert work she knows.

Since her debut at the Met (TIME, Feb. 12, 1945), Blanche Thebom has handled her career just as thoughtfully. No longer does she spend all her time at the Met in the heavy-set roles, traditionally doled out to mezzos, e.g., Brangäne and other secondary parts in Wagner operas. Amneris in *Aida*. Last season, as the Met's English-language repertory grew, she turned comedienne, won all-out approval for her beautiful-but-dumb Dorabella in *Così Fan Tutte*. This year, she went still further afield, took on the bearded lady in Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, and managed to give the grotesque part a feeling of femininity and more than its measure of fun.

Conscious of the debt she owes the music-loving patrons who took her out of a secretary's chair in Canton, Ohio and paid for her musical training, Thebom has set up a fund to help other singers on their way. Before she passes out any cash, she tries to make sure of one thing: the aspiring singers must be as indomitably set on success as Blanche was.



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## EDUCATION

### The Witnesses

In spite of rising outcries against their methods and doubts about their authority, the congressional investigators of U.S. education had no intention of closing down for alterations. Last week they were open for business as usual—and business was booming.

Dr. Bella Dodd, the former Hunter College political scientist who was once a member of the U.S. Communist Party's national committee, gave Senator Jenner's subcommittee plenty to consider. She repeated her old charge that in the '40s there were about 1,500 Communist teachers in the nation's schools, also insisted that Communists had even wormed their way into the offices of the New York State

fore the House Un-American Activities Committee. Though he is now working on a special U.S. Air Force project, Darling flatly refused to say whether or not he is or ever was a Communist. He also refused to answer such questions as whether or not he had access to classified information, whether he had ever belonged to the Midtown Club of the Communist Party in Detroit, or whether he knew of any Communist cell now operating at Ohio State. "I have," said the professor later, "never done and shall never do anything disloyal and against the interests of my country." Ohio State's President Howard L. Bevis announced that Darling would be suspended until the university had a chance to make a "complete study" of the committee's transcript.

**Douglas' Ex.** On the same day, the committee began questioning Mrs. Dorothy W. Douglas, 63, onetime (1915-30) wife of Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas and a onetime teacher at Smith College. Though Mrs. Douglas had been named by Smith Professor Robert Gorham Davis (TIME, March 9) as having been a Communist in 1938 and 1939, she too took refuge behind the Fifth Amendment.

**Mathematics Teacher.** Senator McCarthy's committee was investigating the Voice of America, but among its witnesses was Czech-born Julius H. Hlavaty, the present chairman of the mathematics department at the Bronx High School of Science. Dr. Hlavaty was testifying because he had delivered a broadcast for the Voice in 1949. At that time, said he, he was not a Communist, nor is he one today. But was he one in 1948? And had he tried to recruit students to the party in that year? Teacher Hlavaty refused to answer.

Apparently Hlavaty knew what was in store for him: according to the New York City charter, he would automatically be dismissed for refusing to answer the committee. Said he: "I am distressed today by what is happening to me . . . I have a reputation from New York to California as a teacher of mathematics. Three weeks from today I am supposed to teach a model lesson at a national conference of mathematics teachers. . . What is happening here today means, if not actually, potentially the end of a career which I think in all modesty I can say was a distinguished career in education."

Commented Senator Stuart Symington: "You are the most confused witness we have ever had."

### Scandal in Sandusky

Since they got their new school superintendent in 1938, the citizens of Sandusky, Mich. (pop. 1,819) have had every reason to be pleased. Harry C. Smith, 50, is an affable, energetic man who quickly proved to be a whiz at running Sandusky's two schools.

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TEACHER HLAVATY  
"I am distressed."

United Press

Department of Education and the New York City Board of Education. New York officials contradicted her. "I would say without reservation," wired Education Commissioner Lewis A. Wilson, "we have never had anyone in our department who was known to be connected with the Communist Party."

**President Gideonse.** The Senators got some additional encouragement from another New Yorker: President Harry D. Gideonse of Brooklyn College, a famed liberal. Back in 1939, said he, the college was "sharply infiltrated" with Communists. But now the Communists are "on the run." Said Gideonse: Brooklyn recently dismissed six faculty members for refusing to answer the subcommittee's questions. A seventh resigned before testifying.

**Physicist Darling.** The Brooklynites were not the only casualties announced last week. Another was Physicist Bryon T. Darling of Ohio State, who appeared be-

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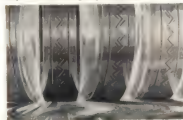
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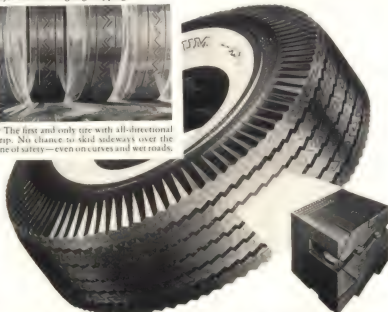
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at 19 to 1, bought \$60,000 worth of new shop equipment in 1949, even paid up a \$23,000 bonded debt six years before it was due. How did he manage? The school board never bothered to ask. It was so thoroughly delighted with \$6,800-a-year Superintendent Smith that this year it voted him a \$1,200 raise.

**Rumors & Results.** Then, last month, the town began to hear some strange rumors about its schools. For some reason that no one in Sandusky quite understood, State Superintendent Lee M. Thurston began an investigation of Smith's enrollment records. Last week Thurston announced the results. He had just uncovered, said he, "the most serious school scandal ever to confront us."

According to Thurston's investigators, the scandal had really begun back in 1945. In that year Smith's enrollment figures



Detroit News

SUPERINTENDENT SMITH  
In the bag, Chichikov's serfs.

suddenly began to soar, entitling Sandusky to thousands of extra dollars in state aid. Though no one suspected it at the time, Sandusky's school lists were just about as phony as Chichikov's serfs in *Dead Souls*. By 1950, said the investigators, Superintendent Smith was claiming state aid for 1,243 pupils, when his actual total enrollment was only 797. Last year he claimed 1,253 pupils, actually had only 785. Some of the names were fictitious; some belonged to students long since graduated; some were imaginary brothers and sisters of town children. But wherever the names came from, they had brought in quite a bit of extra revenue: a total of \$145,914 in the last two years alone.

**Proofs & Protests.** The state superintendent claimed ample proof of his case. The former principal of Sandusky High School, Clarence G. Carlson, admitted that on Smith's orders he had been padding his rolls right along. Superintendent Smith promptly denied that he had or



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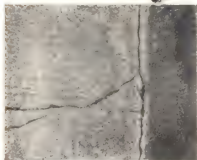
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dered Carlson to do any such thing. "Mr. Carlson," said he, "took the enrollment count and I took his word for it. I guess it's just his word against mine."

At week's end, the stunned citizens of Sandusky were still trying to decide which man's word to take, were still wondering whether anyone had pocketed any of the money. But these questions were only the beginning of their problem. By law, the state of Michigan has the right to demand a refund for all overpayments made since 1950. After 15 years of happy coasting, Sandusky is not accustomed to meeting that sort of bill.

## A Matter of Background

After Princeton's once exclusive eating clubs had taken in every eligible sophomore for four years in a row, old grads freely said that the democratic dreams of Princeton's onetime President Woodrow Wilson had finally come true. Last week, fingering their old club ties, they read the *Daily Princetonian* and began to wonder.

After all, said the *Princetonian*, there are some Princeton men these days who just are not the old eating-club type. "It was clear that of the eligibles who had difficulty this year [getting into clubs], almost every one came alone from a high school in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area. These men, though they had excellent high-school grades, did not have a social background which would fit them into the Princeton system."

"Was it fair for the University to admit them? Were they informed of the nature of the club system? . . . In other words, is the University . . . admitting some men who would definitely be happier at another university? . . . It would seem advisable," concluded the *Princetonian*, "to create more Alumni screening committees in the metropolitan area, where so many of this year's 100% problems came from."

## Normalcy in Denver

When Albert C. Jacobs, onetime provost of Columbia University, took over as chancellor of the University of Denver in 1949, he found D.U. overcrowded, overextended and muscle-bound. In four years he slashed away about 300 marginal and vocational courses; he streamlined his departments, earmarked the alumni fund for faculty salaries, started a whole new policy of education first and athletics second. The result of his efforts: D.U. began to climb academically, but Chancellor Jacobs' popularity plummeted wildly.

D.U. alumni did not really mind his emphasis on brains, but they heartily resented his neglect of brawn. He flatly refused to recruit athletes, forced the Denver Pioneer Club to stop talent-scouting for high-school stars, frowned on the weekly pep luncheons of the Quarterback Club. Annual attendance at football games fell from 110,000 to 50,000, and at one game hit a low of 3,500. Last year things got so bad that D.U. lost every one of its seven Mountain States Conference games.

Last week, as Jacobs left Denver to take up a more congenial post as president of Trinity College in Hartford,



Associated Press  
**EX-CHANCELLOR JACOBS**

The boosters were back in business.

Conn., D.U. alumni wasted no time in proclaiming a new era. The Pioneer Club was already back in the talent-scouting business, and the Nugget Boosters Club gave a special luncheon to honor the Denver Post's Sportswriter Jack Carberry for being the faithful apostle of D.U. athletics. Said Carberry: "The hilltop school has really and truly come out of the dream cloud in which, athletically speaking, it has been sleeping." Said Robert W. Selig, chairman of the board of trustees and an executive of Fox Intermountain Theaters: "We have started with a new regime. We have a winning policy . . . We will . . . attract students with athletic abilities to our campus. We know you can't pull a wagon without horses."

Selig insisted that he was not exactly out to buy the horses. He had, he announced, a better idea. His own company had just "adopted a University of Denver athlete . . . We will father him through four years . . . We are going to give him a job." Selig asked that other Boosters follow his company's example. "Adopt a boy," he cried. "Make him a real son . . . Do that for his full four years of school, in defeat as well as in victory."

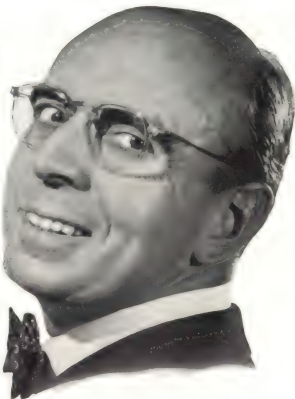
## About-Face?

Having passed the eleventh birthday of ex-Chancellor Robert Hutchins' famed theory that a student should be allowed to earn a bachelor's degree as quickly as he is able, the University of Chicago announced that it was setting up some pretty old-fashioned requirements for its new B.S.: four whole years, "as in other colleges." Did this mean that Chicago would back-track on Hutchins completely? Hinted Chancellor Lawrence Kimpton: "We've tried our innovation for eleven years, hoping that many other colleges and universities would join us. They haven't. There comes a point when you decide that perhaps everybody else isn't out of step."

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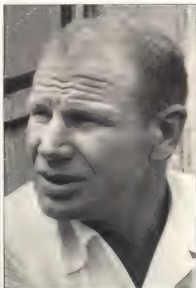
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Company \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## SPORT

### Baseball's "Big Switch"

Baltimore baseball fans were agog: Milwaukeeans, often roused by false alarms, vowed they would believe it when they saw it. Boston was conservatively glum over the loss of a not-so-cherished institution. St. Louisans in general shrugged—though a hard core of St. Louis Browns fans was outraged, and Mayor Joseph M. Darst filed an injunction against the chief instigator of it all, Browns Owner Bill Veeck. In such fashion last week, the cities most concerned reacted to the possibility of the first major-league franchise shifts in 50 years—the scheme to move the St. Louis Browns to Baltimore, the Boston Braves to Milwaukee.

The argument for the moves was sim-



Ed Clark—Life

BILL VEECK

"I've been abandoned."

ple: the Browns and the Braves have long been technically and economically sick, and a change of climate might help them get well. The floundering Browns have long run a poor second in attendance to St. Louis' colorful Cardinals. In Boston the Braves went \$500,000 in the red last year, competing for loyalty and patronage with the more glamorous Red Sox.

There was just one hitch: under the rules, both moves had to be approved by the other club owners of the American and National Leagues. The American League owners struck first. After a long, wrangling meeting in Tampa, Fla. this week, they announced their decision: Veeck's plan to switch the Browns to Baltimore was "hasty and haphazard."

One big consideration was the gnashing of teeth of the minor leagues, who would have faced the problem of resettling the displaced Baltimore and Milwaukee clubs between now and the opening of the season next month. The turnaround was

SO NICE  
TO HAVE  
AROUND...

don't be vague... say  
**Haig & Haig**  
...in the famous "PINCH" bottle

BLENDING SCOTTS WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. ©1953 RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



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Order your Avis car when you make your Flagship reservation and use your air travel card for both. This year enjoy more vacation—enjoy vacation more. Fly there by American! Get around by Avis car!



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**AVIS** RENT-A-CAR SYSTEM  
A LIMITED NUMBER OF AVIS RENT-A-CAR FRANCHISES STILL AVAILABLE  
Write: 10734 Fulbright Ave., Detroit 4, Mich.





## Jones Joins

It takes 1/25 of a second (at f4.5) to take a Lord Calvert "Man of Distinction" photograph, but we generally figure on four hours. This allows for recalcitrant flash bulbs, petulant plate-holders and a certain amount of backing and filling. (We have a theory that photographers dawdle so much simply because all that money for 1/25 of a second's work might impress some observers as inflationary.)

But at the Evansville home of W. P. Jones, extremely busy president of Servel, one recent morning, he warned us he could spare only a scant hour and a half — and during the first hour, while the photographer tastefully arranged a Servel "Wonderbar" and a bottle of Lord Calvert in the foreground, straightened all the hunting prints on the wall behind, zeroed in his 8x10 Eastman View camera and munched his extinct cigar, Mr. Jones took nine frantic phone calls from his office.

Finally the photographer asked Mr. J. to sit beside the "Wonderbar" and said, "This won't take a minute."

It didn't, either. One hour and fifty-six minutes and 31 flash bulbs later Mr. Jones complimented our little crew and, before hurrying back to his office, spoke a good word for our whiskey too. "I don't know how you make Lord Calvert as good as it is," he said, "but I'm happy to join the Man of Distinction family."

It was a grand opening for a commercial, but we let it pass. It takes a good seven seconds to say, "Lord Calvert costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds a little more enjoyment to living, because it's Custom Distilled," and we were already eighty-six minutes over our allotted time.

## Lord Calvert

• BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN  
• NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DIST. CORP., N.Y.C. •

final for 1953, but it left the door open for 1954.

The news—even with a glimmer of hope for 1954—left Baltimoreans completely dejected. Ever since the black day in 1903 when their franchise was shifted to the New York Highlanders (now the Yankees), Baltimore fans have yearned for a return to the big leagues. The older fans could still recall the heyday of the old big-league Orioles, who won three straight pennants—1894-96—and boasted such baseball immortals as Third Baseman John ("Muggsy") McGraw, Shortstop Hughie Jennings, Catcher Wilbert Robinson and Outfielder Wee Willie ("Hit 'em where they ain't") Keeler. Baltimore's return to the big leagues, it appeared, would have to wait a while.

Early this week, the National League club owners were to vote on the Boston-Milwaukee shift. But Milwaukee's hopes of inheriting the Boston Braves seemed considerably dimmed by the American League decision.

Asked whether he had abandoned his attempt to move to Baltimore, Bill Veck, who claims the Browns lost \$400,000 last year, snapped back: "I haven't abandoned anything. I've been abandoned."

## One-Man Show

After the 1951 basketball-fix scandals were exposed—with Madison Square Garden as the center of the infection—some sportswriters glumly announced that the big-time game was dead for a long time to come. The report was, as it turned out, greatly exaggerated. Last week a packed house of 18,496 rooters, biggest basketball crowd ever at the Garden, turned up for the final of the National Invitation tournament. Before the final, the fans impatiently sat through a consolation game between Duquesne and Manhattan. By coincidence, though his team lost, the individual star of the consolation game (27 points) was Manhattan's Negro Center Junius Kellogg, the player who first broke the scandal wide open by refusing a bribe and reporting the offer to his coach (TIME, Jan. 29, 1951).

What the fans had really come to see was top-seeded Seton Hall's fabulous Walter Dukes, the skyscraper (6 ft. 11 in.) Negro center who paced his team to a major-college record of 27 straight victories. Arrayed against Dukes & Co. was the sentimental underdog, St. John's of Brooklyn, unseeded but not unsung after scoring three straight upsets over St. Louis, La Salle and Duquesne to reach the final round.

In the final against Seton Hall, St. John's just ran out of zing. Dukes, galloping up & down the court, dropping in hooks with either hand, passing off to teammates on scoring plays and gathering rebounds off both backboards, put on a one-man show. He scored 21 points (high for the game), and won the tournament's most-valuable-player trophy, as Seton Hall won handily, 58-46. The big man on everybody's All-America team, Dukes reportedly has his choice of signing with the professional National Basketball Association.



DUKES (LEFT) IN ACTION  
See my agent.

tion for \$10,000 or the famed Harlem Globetrotters for \$15,000. Dukes, who once spoke with disdain of pro basketball and talked of becoming a lawyer, now coyly parries all questions about his future with the professional entertainer's standard comment: "See my agent."

## Scoreboard

¶ In Chicago, the Indiana basketball team, Big Ten champion and ranked No. 1 in the nation, lived up to its press notices by beating Notre Dame, 79-66, to reach the semifinal round of the N.C.A.A. basketball tournament. Other finalists: Louisiana State, Kansas, Washington.

¶ In Milwaukee, Navy Lieut. (j.g.) Ken Wiesner broke his own indoor high-jump record by going up & over the bar at 6 ft. 9½ in. in the Milwaukee Journal games. Wiesner's old mark (TIME, Feb. 2): 6 ft. 9½ in. Moments later, Len Truex, onetime Ohio State runner, whipped around the track in the fastest mile of the indoor season: 4:07.8.

¶ In New Orleans, Joe W. Brown's three-year-old Matagorda established himself as a top contender for the Kentucky Derby by winning the \$46,450 Louisiana Derby by 1½ lengths.

¶ In San Francisco, Willie Mosconi successfully defended his world pocket-billiard championship for the eleventh time in twelve years by beating Luther Lassiter, 150-33, in the title match. Mosconi's reward: \$12,000.

¶ In Manhattan, New York University, once a national football power which boasted the likes of All-America Ken Strong (1928), joined the ever-growing list of U.S. colleges which have given up the game. N.Y.U.'s 1952 football loss: \$100,000.

# THE NEW NEAT LOOK

■ The American Male comes into his own this year in a new fashion trend that strikes a happy balance of good taste, naturalness and complete comfort—the NEAT LOOK. Gone are flamboyant excesses of pattern and silhouette. From the tapered crown of his narrower brim hat to his lighter detailed shoes, a man looks slimmer, trimmer, neater! His suits, neither skimpy nor over-padded,

follow natural lines. Shirt collars are shorter and lower, neckties narrower with simpler and smaller patterns. His belt, jewelry and other accessories are trim, clean-lined. His socks are designed with the same finesse.

All in all he's a good-looking, alert, self-assured sophisticate who has everything under control . . . and is a lot more comfortable.

Men's Fashion Associates →

TAPERED CROWN

NARROWER BRIM

SHORTER, LOWER COLLAR

NATURAL SHOULDERS

SIMPLER, SMALLER PATTERN

TRIM ACCESSORIES

NEAT DESIGN

LIGHTER DETAILS

ask for the  
Stetson Ivy League, \$10

Prices slightly higher in Canada.



### the new neat look

Look at it from every angle. The *Stetson Ivy League* gives you that *neat* look—trim, crisp, wide-awake. The face-flattering narrow brim, the tapered crown and the stylish center crease make it the favorite of men with a future.

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## "neat look" close-up

Manhattan has taken the ingredients of the new "neat look"—comfort, naturalness, and good taste—and come up with a series of beautiful shirts that emphasize these qualities. These "neat look" Manhattan shirts are designed to give you a trimmer, slimmer look. They have tapered sleeves—trim, short-point, medium spread collars—deftly tailored cuffs and pockets. In fabric—in fit—in style—they're as right as only a Manhattan shirt can be.

*Manhattan*

Austin BLAIR COLLAR—  
white broadcloth—\$5.00\*

Nutones TREND COLLAR—  
End and End broadcloth—\$3.95\*

\*PRIERS SUBJECT © P. S. REG. ©1955 THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO.



A man in a blue suit and tie is shown from the chest up, holding a pen in his right hand. The background is a plain, light color.

The new neat look...

COURIER CLOTH Rochester tailored exclusively by

MIRON'S

MICHAELS-STERN

Handsome exponent of the new neat look ... Courier Cloth, Miron's yarn dye sheen worsted lends its unique texture perfectly to the slimmer, trimmer, more natural, more comfortable suit. Good looks, good taste, good news in Courier Cloth suits faultlessly tailored by Michaels-Stern. 100% virgin wool. \$65. Write for the name of the fine store nearest you. Miron Mills, Inc., 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.





The fashion accent's on slinness with these new Hickok "Neat Look" Belts. *Top:* 1" Saddle Gold Belt with Roman Cord design. Also comes in Charcoal Grey and Sand Dune. *Center:* Adjustable Imported French Elastic Web Belt. Also in Grey with Silver stripe, Scarlet with Blue, Brown with Gold. *Bottom:* 3/4" Sand Dune Belt with Roman Cord. Also comes in Charcoal Grey and Saddle Gold. Belts \$2.50 each.



## NEW TRIM, SLIM LOOK FOR MEN REQUIRES "NEAT LOOK" ACCESSORIES BY HICKOK

The striking new "Neat Look" that is sweeping the nation has revolutionized every detail in the well-dressed American male's attire. Over-bold patterns, too-wide ties, broad hat brims and full drape suits are out. Trimness and slinness are now the order of the day.

The new clothing styles demand new and different accessories, for accessories must complement, as well as highlight, a man's wardrobe. And Hickok "Neat

Look" Accessories were expressly designed for wear with "Neat Look" clothes.

Hickok "Neat Look" 2" Tie Bars are shorter by up to a full inch in length to fit the new, narrower ties. Hickok leather Belts and Wallets, with their Roman Cord design, match the fine detailing of "Neat Look" shoes. And Hickok imported Elastic Belts show "Neat Look" influence in their smartly subdued patterns.



Hickok "Neat Look" Tie Bars are designed for the new narrower ties. Tie Bars \$2.50. Cuff Links \$2.50. Sets \$5.00. All Jewelry and Wallet prices are plus Federal Tax.



"Neat Look" Roman Cord Wallet of imported goatskin. Secret pocket. \$5.

OF FINE  
HOUSE OF HICKOK GIFTS  
**HICKOK**  
*Makers of World Famous Hickok Belts*



"Neat Look" Sports jewelry, 2" length, is modeled on your favorite sport symbols. Tie Bars \$2.50. Links \$2.50. Sets \$5. In Sterling, Tie Bars \$5. Cuff Links \$5. Sets \$10

# Make Your Move to the "Neat Look"



The "Neat Look" is the *smart look* for any man. Be neat . . . wear Interwoven Socks . . . colorful yet conservative. And because they're Interwoven they look better . . . feel better . . . wear longer.



**Inter  
woven  
Socks**

A, D, E. All Nylon Body

B, C, Fine Mercerized Cotton

# WALK-OVER

interprets the new Neat Look with  
Roman Cording... Natural-fit Slip-ons...  
Soft-touch tailoring



(A) **Roman Cording**... new continental idea of dark contrast accents the clean lines of this sleek Slip-on. Tan or wine calf. Walnut cording. Walk-Over KENT.

(B) **Cool and Unruffled**... you'll breeze through warm weather in Walk-Over Koolies. Natural Nylon mesh set off with deep wine calf. Also other colors. BELMAR.

(C) **Neat Loafing**... It's a pleasure to relax in this well-groomed casual. Leather-lined, for softer, smoother comfort. Walk-Over PARLAY. Tan or black calf.

(D) **Speed Shoe**... Just slip it on. No laces to slow you down. Walk-Over clinging fit. Blue and gray suede, black Roman cording. Also beige and brown. KENT.

(E) **Soft Touch**... You walk on a flexible sole that's air-cushioned inside. A Walk-Over Vel-Flex. BROADMOOR. Tan calf.



Your heart-lifting holiday begins when you board a Canadian Pacific train. You roll in armchair ease across the breadth of Canada. To aid the budget, air-conditioned Diesel trains carry tourist sleepers and coaches, as well as first class accommodations. Whether you travel plush or dollar-wise, see wonderful Canada—land of vacations unlimited!



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*All this resort fun!* Pool swimming, golf, boating, fishing, hiking, trail riding, camera-hunting...concerts, dances.

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# Canadian Pacific

Canada is news! See it by Canadian Pacific.

## MEDICINE

### Burden at Night

New Haven was shocked last year when a 14-year-old girl tried, and failed, to rouse any Connecticut doctors on the telephone one night. Her mother, brother and sister had been overcome by gas, and might have died if the youngster had not had the wit to call the police. Stirred up by the case, the New Haven Medical Association decided to set up a central emergency service such as other U.S. communities now have. When it polled its members, inviting promises of cooperation, the association got a shock of its own.

Questionnaires went to all the 415 doctors in the New Haven area, but 175 did not even bother to reply. Of the 240 who did reply, 79 refused to serve. (Only 30 had a good excuse: as full-time members of Yale's medical faculty, they are not engaged in practice.) Chairman Samuel Spinner of the association's Committee on Emergency Medical Service spelled it out: "Every physician should do his part so that the burden does not fall on the few." But last week, when the plan went into effect, the "few" were shouldering the burden: 76 general practitioners plus 85 specialists agreed to cooperate in night emergencies.

### 34 Million Fatties

Across the U.S. last week, more people than ever were bulging with excess fat—and ready to admit it. Forty-five percent of the women said so in a Gallup poll, 25% of the men. (Not that men are really slimmer, say doctors; they are just slower to face the fat facts.) By their own say-so, the overweight add up to a whopping 34 million—or a good many more than the 25 million figure which has sometimes been accepted as a rough estimate by life insurance companies.

Moreover, partly from vanity ("How will I look in a bathing suit this summer?"), partly from the reiterated warning that excess poundage shortens life, more Americans than ever are struggling to reduce.

**Hot Water & Lemon.** At a ranch outside Phoenix last week, Elizabeth Arden's carriage-trade customers were getting a full course of beauty treatments, including slimming, for \$500 a week. At Kiowa Lodge, southeast of Los Angeles, an ex-football player (Michigan State) named Sam Dictor was offering a reducing course for the jitney trade at \$80 a week. The program began with a glass of hot water and lemon juice served in bed. Then the inmates jumped into sweat suits emblazoned "Kiowa," and began a rugged, day-long routine of calisthenics, swimming, games and "passive exercise" with reducing gadgets, punctuated by healthful meals with low calorie counts (800 to 1,000 a day). Actually, all activity made it harder for the women to control their appetites. And director Dictor was an uninspiring 220 himself. But the

women loved it and lost weight anyway.

In Los Angeles, health food stores were seeing lots of new customers. Some merely bought sugarless candy; others asked the storekeeper to work out a complete diet for them. A San Francisco brewery got in the swim by advertising: "Regal Pale Is the Low-Calorie Beer." In Atlanta, the *Constitution's* Editor Ralph McGill was punishing himself at breakfast and lunch with a trick powder, mixed with fruit juice, to kill appetite. Said McGill, 25 lbs. lighter in 14 weeks: "I just decided to stop being silly about it and lose some of that ugly weight." His regimen still allowed him to enjoy a standard dinner.

One big trouble was that many reducers reached their target weight only to put the pounds back on again, because emotional problems leading to overeating

large, in favor of high-protein, low-carbohydrate programs. But they are reversing themselves on the old idea that a dieter must cut all the fat off his steak or chops.

Physiologists are even changing their minds about what hunger is. Stomach contractions, the old scapegoat, do not explain hunger, because a man gets hungry even when his whole stomach has been removed. At Harvard's School of Public Health, Biochemist Jean Mayer has found evidence that "feeling hungry" depends on the amount of sugar in the blood. He says this goes up after eating, and the eater no longer feels hungry. But a few hours later it goes down, and he wants food. (In diabetics, the changes are more complicated.)

A Harvard nutritionist, Dr. Frederick J. Stare, has translated the latest scientific findings into a set of revised rules for sensible dieting:

1) "Instead of a starvation breakfast of toast and coffee, start off the day with



DIRECTOR DICTOR (LEFT) & REDUCING CLASS  
Murray Garrett—Graphic House  
Hunger is in the blood.

had not been solved. So, in Chicago, many were trying to unscramble their egos. Some were members of Take Off Pounds Sensibly, or TOPS (*TIME*, Feb. 9), and met for mutual mental aid as part of their reducing programs. For others, the Y.W.C.A. had three chapters meeting regularly with a psychiatrist.

Like all reformed characters, successful dieters were eager to pass on the secret of their salvation to others who were still weighted down with sinful fat. Relatively few of them were putting their faith in nine-day-wonder diets, deceptive drugs or robot exercisers. Many had made the necessary adjustments in their own emotions and appetites, and could say simply: "To reduce, eat less."

**Fat on the Chops.** There was good news for the dieters: doctors are changing their minds about the best way to diet, and making it easier. They are still, by &

a good, hearty meal: fruit, cereal, eggs with ham or bacon, two slices of toast and coffee. This keeps the blood sugar up, whereas the skimpy breakfast lets it fall in midmorning, and then you slip out for another sweet roll. It would really be better if fat people could eat dinner in the morning and breakfast at night."

2) "Eat slowly. It takes five to ten minutes for food to raise the blood sugar level. If you eat slowly, then halfway through the meal you're less hungry, and stop eating."

3) "Don't forget fat. It is a sort of blotter. It soaks up the food and slows down absorption. So a moderate amount of fat helps you to feel less hungry and eat less."

4) "Protein is just as important—and eat your protein first. Then, with the blood sugar up, you won't be so interested in the rest of the meal."



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YOUR HEALTH\***

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TRAPPED BY THIS  
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\*Reader's Digest  
January, 1950



**VICEROY'S COST ONLY A PENNY PER PACK  
MORE THAN BRANDS WITHOUT FILTERS**

which probably has more calories in it."

There was even a glimmer of good news for the candy manufacturers in the scientists' latest theories. If a dieter gets ravenously hungry before mealtime, it may be a good idea to boost the blood sugar level temporarily with a piece of candy and deliberately "spoil the appetite."

**Capsules**

¶ First Lieut. Fae Margaret Adams, 34, a slight, soft-spoken brunette with a modest air, invaded a male stronghold: she became the first woman doctor to be commissioned in the Regular Army. An ex-WAC who got her M.D. under G.I. rights, she plans to specialize in obstetrics and gynecology.

¶ Surgeons at the University of Illinois' Neuropsychiatric Institute finished the job of enclosing Rodney Dee Brodie's brain with skin flaps, in his fifth operation



Walter Bennett  
**THE ARMY'S DR. ADAMS**  
She led the first invasion.

since he was separated from his Siamese twin, Roger (TIME, Dec. 29). Rodney rallied well, is expected soon to begin crawling around like a normal baby, though it will be months before he gets a hard top for his skull.

¶ The chill that runs up & down the back when sentiment is deeply stirred is "a vestigial reaction" dating back to hairy ancestors, the A.M.A. Journal told a questioning New Jersey doctor. A more primitive response is seen when the hair stands on end, but the tingle up the back, says the Journal, is the same sort of thing.

¶ A symptom of the atomic age, the \$4,200,000 Argonne Cancer Research Hospital was opened in Chicago. Built with AEC funds, it will use all kinds of radiation, including giant X-ray machines and radioisotopes such as cobalt-60, to study cancer. Of its eight floors, two are below ground, only two are for patients (56 beds). Every employee must wear a badge that registers exposure to radiation.

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*The impressive capping ceremony during which the student nurse lights her candle in the flame of the lamp of Florence Nightingale, known as "The Lady with the Lamp."*

When the young graduate nurse receives her cap and diploma, she dedicates her professional skill to the merciful care of the sick and injured.

Advances in medical science have brought the present-day "lady with the lamp" new responsibilities in working with the physician and surgeon. This has been increasingly true with the development of new medicines.

The Merck continuous program of research and production—resulting from long association with the professions—is devoted to helping medical science conquer disease and save life. Direct results of this program include the development of Cortisone for the treatment of many diseases . . . Antibiotics and sulfa-drugs to subdue infections . . . Vitamins for buoyant health.

*Research and Production  
for the Nation's Health*



**MERCK & CO., INC.**

*Manufacturing Chemicals*

RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY



**24  
HOUR**

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## Against the Peace

Tightening the screws on German Protestantism (TIME, March 9), the Communists of East Germany have arrested five ministers in the past month. Last week congregations in West Germany got the first word of the kind of charges the Communists were making against them. The people's court at Chemnitz had convicted popular Pastor Erich Schuman, a member of a small sect in the Evangelical Church, for "breaking the law for the protection of peace." That was all.

The trial was secret; no church observers were permitted to attend. But a few details filtered back to Berlin. Pastor Schuman had been charged with violating two articles of the law against: 1) "instigation to boycott democratic institutions" 2) "glorification of capitalism."

None of Pastor Schuman's friends could think of anything he had done to account for the boycotting charge, but a refugee to West Berlin supplied a clue to the minister's "glorification of capitalism." In a lecture to young Evangelical churchmen early this year, Schuman had told a story of an English millionaire who never belonged to any organized religion but left his money to a church when he died.

The sentence of the people's court: six years at hard labor.

## The Bishop's Evening

The aroma of coffee was rich in the long, low-ceilinged temporary chapel of St. John's Church in Olympia, Wash. one night last week as Stephen F. (for Fielding) Bayne, Episcopal bishop of Olympia, surveyed the members of his flock who had turned out for the third of his Lenten "Bishop's Evenings." With one hand in the pocket of his magenta cassock, he asked, "How do you feel—singing or no singing tonight?" After a brisk singing of *Praise to the Lord, the Almighty*, he told them: "Good for you. Those old German hymns have a wonderful, solid, square feeling to them—not square in the contemporary sense—but in their feeling of wonderful power."

Bishop Bayne took off his glasses and polished them. "Don't be astonished at anything that goes on here," he warned. "This is very informal and relaxed. We Episcopalians can well learn how to relax more. My walking up and down the aisle isn't a gag—it gives me a feeling of being one of you. We will return to our liturgical habits on Sunday."

**Building Bridges.** The directness and informality were typical of Stephen Bayne—and two of the reasons for the growth of membership and enthusiasm in the diocese since he went there almost six years ago. In that time, the number of clergymen has risen from 27 to 53, the number of members from 19,627 to 24,522. Bishop Bayne works on a stern schedule that includes some 600 speeches a year over a 24,531-sq. mi. area reaching from the Cascades to the Pacific. In a section where

physical growth and prosperity take attention away from things of the spirit, he has made theology almost as warm and immediate as politics and baseball.

At 44, Bayne has come a long way from his more formal beginnings. The son of an old New York family (his father is a warden of Trinity Church), he got himself suspended from Amherst College for low grades, and spent a year reporting for the *Wall Street Journal*. Wall Street in the late '30s was enough to send him back to Amherst and, after graduation, into General Theological Seminary. He was ordained an Episcopal minister in 1933.

During the Depression, when he had Trinity Church, a slum parish in St. Louis, he turned part of his church building into



Howard Staefel

EPISCOPALIAN BAYNE

Clergymen belong in the market place.

a dormitory for homeless men. Later, he was appointed Episcopal chaplain at Columbia University, which he left during World War II to become a Navy chaplain and see service in the Pacific. One of his naval assignments, at the Bremerton (Wash.) Navy Yard, led to his post in Olympia. He had put in some time helping out at Seattle's St. Mark's Cathedral, and Washingtonians did not forget him. One night in 1946, when he was back at Columbia, he got a long-distance telephone call offering him the bishopric of Olympia, and he quickly accepted.

The new bishop brought one basic premise to his diocese. "Religious convictions," he said, "belong in the market place. I'd like to see more clergymen down at the Boeing plant, off in the lumber camps, at sea, building bridges." As he analyzed the problem: "I know good and powerful men in the Northwest, Christian men, who see no use in the clergy at all. They can't see why we aren't out selling

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soup or plywood. They see us as marginal necessities."

**It Will Go On.** Bayne's chief aim has never been merely to build up the Episcopal Church. Says he: "In our prayer book you will find nothing about the Episcopal Church—only the little machinery needed to make it possible. We believe in one Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. . . ."

"The idea of one church has had its bad moments, times when there was a feeling the whole thing was going to collapse. . . . Wise old heads like myself sit back and say it will go on."

### The Eyes of Ye Yun Ho

Pastor Ye Yun Ho, 34, of Korea has much to bind him to the U.S. He was educated by U.S. missionaries at Korea's Presbyterian Theological Seminary. Later, G.I.s chipped in to help him build a church for Seoul's dead-end kids, and many U.S. Christians sent him money when they read about his work in *TIME* (Feb. 16, 1948 *et seq.*). Now, at last, Pastor Ye had come to the U.S.

Members of the Hi-Y Club of Appleton, Wis., reading about Ye, had sent clothing and supplies for his work in Seoul and learned of his hope to take further training in the U.S. So they dug down for \$500 to help bring him to Appleton's own Lawrence College (enrollment: 760).

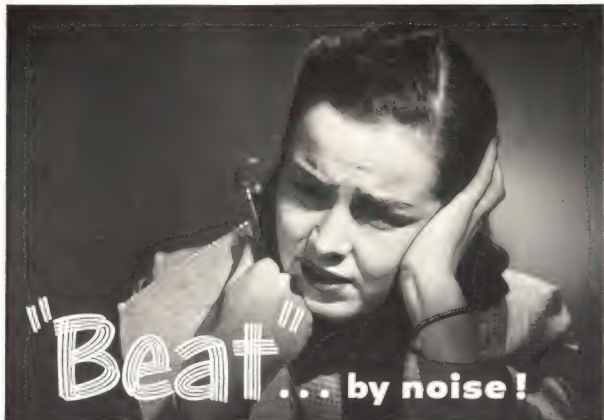
Ye's black eyes were bright with discovery last week as he began to learn the ropes in the homeland of the G.I.s and missionaries. "America is a very big country and very beautiful," he exclaimed. "Even the barns are beautiful—and bigger than Korean churches. I have not seen slums like our poor little boxes at home. Even in Chicago, the slums are two stories or three stories high." But Ye's eyes saw other things that surprised him in a different way: "The most remarkable tendency—so many nude pictures. Very usual for you, perhaps, but not for me. Go into a magazine store, and you see so many nude paintings on the cover of magazines and books."

And there was something else: "People here do not pray so much. In the dining room, I see many who go to church but do not say grace before meals. They like to help others. I respect it. But I wish they had stronger faith. I expect that many Americans go to church, but so many more do not."

### 38 out of 45

Jehovah's Witnesses, who do their indefatigable proselyting on doorsteps and in living rooms, on street corners and in public parks, are old hands at being banned, arrested, jailed and run out of town. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its decision on the 45th case which the Witnesses have fought up through the lower courts to the highest tribunal in the land. As in 37 of the other cases, the court found in favor of the Witnesses, unanimously reversed a ruling by the Rhode Island supreme court that the city of Pawtucket had been justified in denying a Witness the use of a city park for a religious meeting.





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## High-Speed Research

Military aircraft are already fighting at close to the speed of sound in the thin air of upper altitudes. Soon they will be cruising and fighting still higher and far faster. Sponsored by the Air Force and the Navy, the nation's aircraft factories are turning out sleek, powerful experimental aircraft, unburdened by armor or guns, that are punching their way into the stratosphere at more than double the speed of sound. A few of them can fly fast enough to nudge the implacable thermal barrier (a speed limit of about 2,500 m.p.h.—*TIME*, May

¶ The X-3, "world's first man-carrying aircraft designed to take off under its own power and operate at sustained supersonic speeds in level flight." (Other high-speed craft carry fuel for only a few minutes of powered flight.) Built by Douglas Aircraft Co., the twin-jet X-3 is expected to set new speed and altitude records.

¶ The X-4, a light (approx. 7,000 lbs.), transonic plane, built by Northrop Aircraft, Inc. Fitted with two turbojets giving a total of 3,200 lbs. thrust, this swept-wing, almost tailless plane was designed for the study of control problems at altitudes up to 10,000 ft. Its stubby (26 ft.



Loomis Dean—Life

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Above the speed of sound, a nudge at the thermal barrier.

26). Between them, the Air Force and the Navy have been experimenting with at least seven such research planes.

Air Force pilots have flown:

¶ The X-1, the first man-carrying plane to exceed the speed of sound (*TIME*, June 21, 1948). Now in the Smithsonian Institution, the chunky (34½ ft. long, 28 ft. wingspread) ship was built by Bell Aircraft Corp., had a rocket motor with 6,000 lbs. of thrust and was designed to fly more than 1,000 m.p.h. at 60,000 ft.

¶ The X-1A, 1B and 1D, all built by Bell. These ships are slightly longer than the X-1, and heavier (16,000 lbs.). Their rocket engines deliver 6,000 lbs. of thrust and should push the planes to nearly 1,600 m.p.h. at 70,000 ft.

¶ The X-2, another Bell-built rocket plane with swept-back, stainless steel wings and tail, and a Monel metal body. It is designed to reach 2,250 m.p.h. at 100,000 ft.

\* Foreground: D-558-I Skystreak. Center: D-558-II Skystreak and X-5. Rear: X-4 and Convair's experimental, delta-wing fighter, XF-92A.

to in.) wings are equipped with elevons, i.e., combined ailerons and elevators.

¶ The X-5, another Bell plane, powered with a single, axial-flow turbojet putting out only 4,900 lbs. of thrust. This 32 ft. 4 in. ship weighs less than 10,000 lbs., is the first to have variable-sweep wings (*TIME*, June 25, 1951). It was built to investigate the aerodynamic effects of different wing angles.

Navy pilots have concentrated on:

¶ The D-558-I Skystreak, which set a world's speed record of 650.6 m.p.h. in 1947 (*TIME*, Sept. 8, 1947). Powered by a single turbojet with some 5,000 lbs. of thrust, the Skystreak was built by Douglas. It manages to lift its 10,000 lbs. off the ground on short (25 ft.), straight wings.

¶ The D-558-II Skystreak, a swept-wing Skystreak. The Skystreak was powered by a rocket engine with 6,000 lbs. of thrust when it set new altitude and speed records on Aug. 15, 1949. Lugged aloft by a Superfortress, the Skystreak climbed to 79,494 ft. and screamed over Edwards Air Force Base at 1,238 m.p.h.

FROM the day it opened, the American Museum of Natural History's Hayden Planetarium was in show business. In that fall of 1935, both tourists and New Yorkers waited in lines that stretched from the box office to the subway station nearly a block away.

After a couple of years, as the novelty wore off and crowds dwindled, Planetarium Chairman Robert Coles and his staff had to brush up on their showmanship. Not only did they revamp their programs; they also went to work on the halls and lobby. Where visitors once could examine meteorites and look at telescopic pictures of the moon, they can now stop at a bank of scales to compare the weights they would register on various planets. Or they can study the newest exhibit of all: 14 black-light astronomical murals (see opposite page).

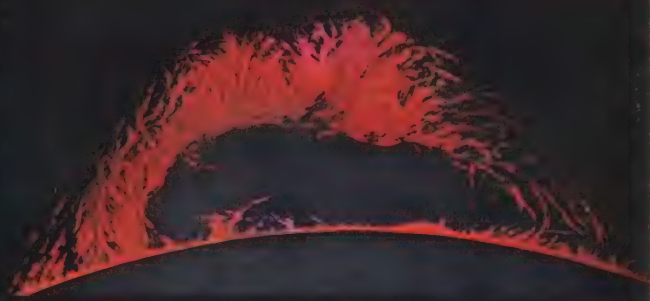
Covering nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of wall, the murals are the product of an unusual artistic technique. First, blown-up pictures were projected on the walls. Then, after brushing in a white undercoat, artists painted with fluorescent pigments under black (ultraviolet) light.

In the soft glow, the dead-black background of the murals seems to recede. Saturn with its rings stands out almost in three dimensions, clear and cold and quiet. The waving streamers of the aurora shimmer in a delicate pastel curtain. Flamelike solar prominences erupt from the surface of the sun with more clarity than in the original coronagraph pictures. Nothing seems to stand still: the murals vibrate with energy.

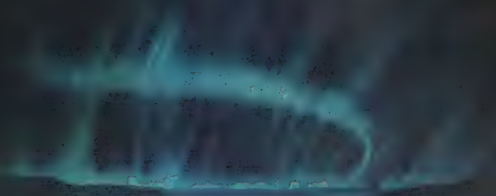
**Robot & Time Travel.** But for all the innovations, the show has the same star it had on opening night: a giant, two-headed robot studded with shining eyes. On bowed, ladder-like legs, the monster crouches beneath the planetarium's high-arched dome. When the house lights dim in the circular planetarium room, the monster's bright eyes show as points of light reflected from the curved steel ceiling. There, astonishingly real, stretches a boundless universe—a vivid replica of the star-bright sky on a clear night.

At a complicated control panel, a lecturer flips switches and makes the monster act. As it turns around an axis parallel to a line between the earth's poles, its projected stars move through the artificial heaven just as the earth's rotation seems to move the real stars overhead. When the monster swings about another axis (perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic), the north pole of the sky seems to move in a circle—the same circle that it makes every 26,000 years. Thus, the lecturer can move the stars through time: turn them back to 3,000 B.C. when Alpha Draconis was the earth's North Star, or look ahead some 120 centuries to see the Southern Cross hover above Manhattan.

By turning the big projector around its horizontal axis, the lecturer can light up the sky with the stars of any latitude. Traveling along a meridian from pole to



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pole, he can take his audience to the Arctic, or south to see Canopus and the Magellanic Clouds.

**Fireballs & Astrophysics.** The gift of Charles Hayden, a dapper Boston-born banker (Hayden, Stone & Co.) who made millions speculating in copper, the versatile robot was built at the Zeiss Works in Jena, Germany at a cost of \$10,000. When it made its debut, it was the fourth such instrument installed in a U.S. planetarium. There are now six Zeiss planetaria spotted across the country.\*

As if the original projector were not complicated enough, Chairman Coles and his staff have festooned it with added gadgets manufactured in basement workshops. They can simulate an eclipse of the sun, complete with corona and Bailey's beads. They can work up their own thunderstorms: dark clouds move across the dome as lightning flickers and thunder rumbles in the public address system. Added switches on the control panel can send a shower of meteors drifting down the sky. Fireballs flash and explode overhead.

All these new effects are carefully planned to fit into new lectures, more dramatic shows. Today's audiences can even be taken on a rocket to the moon. Lecturers, of course, have had to brush up on their astrophysics to keep pace with the frightening scientific sophistication of juvenile space travelers.

Every month there is a different performance. Chairman Coles and his crew are always busy building more gadgets, newer effects. And their showmanship is paying off. Last year they taught some quarter of a million visitors a little of their own enthusiastic interest in the awesome immensities of space.

### Time Compressor

Even in these jittery times, people don't talk fast enough to suit University of Illinois Professor Grant Fairbanks. The ear, says Fairbanks, is quicker than the tongue, and words can be understood faster than they can be spoken. Determined to work the human ear to capacity, Fairbanks and his associates have invented a "Time Compressor," a tape recorder that can take brief samples of speech, patch them together electronically and get a result that hardly alters the sound of the original words. By changing the size of the samples and varying the speed of the recording, speech can be compressed as much as 70% before it becomes unintelligible.

One possible use of the system: radio programs can be recorded, then expanded or compressed to fit their allotted time. Music, too—at least popular music—is easy to tighten up. Fairbanks went to work on Singer Rosemary Clooney's record of *Come On-a My House* and cut it by 30%. Many listeners agreed that both words and music had been improved. "Rosemary," explains the professor, "is very compressible."

\* Others are in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Chapel Hill, N.C.



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## THE THEATER

### New Play in Manhattan

**My 3 Angels** (adapted from the French of Albert Husson by Sam & Bella Spewack) makes a very enjoyable evening of an always piquant theme. It tells how three badmen—convicts, in fact—become the good angels of a sadly harassed household. The scene is French Guiana, a region where on Christmas Day the temperature graciously drops to 104°, and where convicts can not only hire out but apparently never have to report back. The Messrs. Fixit of *My 3 Angels* are employed as roofers by a family in dire danger of having no roof over their heads: on the way from France is a snarling cousin, to oust papa from the business he has botched. Along with the cousin is his cold-blooded nephew, who is jilting papa's daughter for an heiress.

The three angels—two of them murderers, the third a swindler—take the visitors on. All three badmen have sunny natures, warm hearts, clever hands, sleepless brains; all three are passionate believers in the robinhood of man. Possessing every criminal art and penal grace, they set matters aright in a Gallic *Christmas Carol* where it is simpler to bump Scrooge off than to convert him.

*My 3 Angels* is one more comedy that tickles conventional morality with a straw and makes respectability turn out its pockets. But it is much less ironic or satirical than just gloriously improbable; it is a fairy tale in which people commit murder as though it were Drop the Handkerchief.

Light on significance, the play is also light on story: the angels tend to drag their wings here & there, and things are so topsy-turvy that it is the villains who eventually prove dull. But most of the time, under José Ferrer's deft direction, the show gaily ripples along. As angel-in-chief, Falstaffian Walter Slezak is steadily delightful.

### Old Musical in Manhattan

**Porgy and Bess** (music by George Gershwin; book by DuBose Heyward; lyrics by DuBose Heyward & Ira Gershwin) reached Broadway for the fifth time since 1935. Such popularity is indeed deserved: the great roll call of Gershwin tunes alone—*Summertime*, *A Woman Is a Sometime Thing*, *I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'*, *Bess, You Is My Woman Now*, *It Ain't Necessarily So*—would be enough to explain it. But *Porgy and Bess* approaches authentic American opera: its very story is picturesquely American and unblushingly operatic. The crammed, violent life of Catfish Row inspired George Gershwin to something beyond show music, though it is still the show music, after some 20 years, that seems inspired.

All in all, the current uncult production is the most impressive one so far. LeVern Hutcherson and Leontyne Price bring a great deal to the title roles, and Cab Calloway is a highly effective Sportin' Life.



WALTER SLEZAK (LEFT) & FELLOW ANGELS\* in French Guiana, the robinhood of man.

This *Porgy and Bess* is musically full-bodied; dramatically, it stresses something primitive and makes earlier productions seem in retrospect a little genteel. Its chief shortcoming: without quite achieving the musical statue of opera—the music sometimes pants and strains—it becomes a bit too sprawling and noisy for musical comedy. But such excesses are a kind of tribute to its exuberance.

\* Darren McGavin and Jerome Cowan.



CAB CALLOWAY AS SPORTIN' LIFE On Catfish Row, a primitive exuberance.



## Working hand in glove...with leather

### How banks help with the manufacture and distribution of thousands of leather products

THE manufacture and distribution of baseball gloves—along with countless other leather products—call for a lot of ingenuity and a great deal of money.

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# ART



SCULPTOR BUTLER & PRIZEWINNER  
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## Final Prisoner

A panel of art experts trooped through a musty London warehouse last week, handing down their judgments with clipped finality: "No. No. Terrible. No. Yes." Propped against packing cases for their decision were 274 survivors of the 3,500 models entered in the biggest sculpture contest ever held. The stakes: \$32,000 in prizes, offered by an anonymous donor for a monument honoring *The Unknown Political Prisoner* (TIME, Feb. 9). When the experts were finished, the \$12,670 grand prize went to Britain's Reg Butler, 39, a shaggy-haired architect turned sculptor who made his first real splash at last summer's Venice Biennale.

For his *Unknown Prisoner*, Butler chose something between abstraction and realism: a forbiddingly cold and empty structure, rising like some futuristic television antenna, with three grieving women looking up from beneath. Butler thinks that his symbolism suits a monument far better than any standard, realistic figure. Says he: "You must avoid the reaction, 'Oh, poor chap, he does look thin.' And if I made a statue of a god, it would be a big man or a small man with a big tummy or a flat tummy. So to make an image. I conceive a prisoner who is invisible. The prisoner is in the cage, but the cage is empty. The cage has become the monument, just as a crucifix has."

If Butler's symbolism made sense to the modern-minded jury, it brought outraged howls from conservatives, who wanted something a little warmer and more human. To most it looked like the same sterile brand of impersonal abstraction that so disappointed U.S. critics when the American regional prizewinners were announced two months ago. Then, only two of the eleven finalists bore much resemblance to flesh & blood; at London,

all twelve top prizes went to abstractionists, among them three Americans.

This week, with Butler's prizewinner on display at London's Tate Gallery, its reedy symbolism was too much for one infuriated young spectator. He snatched up Butler's fragile *Prisoner*, crushed and twisted it beyond recognition. Sculptor Butler, who had spent eleven months modeling his creation, took the assault with poker-faced calm. Barring snags, he said quietly, he could build a new one, exactly the same, in two or three days.

## The Master of Batatais

It was 114 years since the Brazilian town of Batatais, 300 miles northwest of Rio, had been formally elevated to the official and honorable category of village,

and Bishop Luiz Mousinho marked the anniversary last week by blessing 14 brilliant religious murals in the town's new Roman Catholic church. Surprisingly, the paintings were the work of an avowed freethinker and Communist. But the 9,850 townspeople would have no other artist than Candido Portinari, 49, who rose from a lowly birthplace near Batatais to become Brazil's best painter and the area's most admired native son.

When the townsmen first approached Portinari a year ago, the peppery little (5 ft. 5 in.) artist replied: "I am no longer a Catholic; I do not believe—but I understand. Many of the people I love best are Catholics, and for them religion is important. I will try to make a good thing that will serve them." Bishop Mousinho had grave doubts at first; not only was Portinari a Communist; in 1946 he had painted some murals for a church at Pampulha full of such strange, angular distortions that the church refused to consecrate the building.

Finally, however, the villagers persuaded the bishop to visit Portinari. Portinari almost ruined everything by casually remarking: "In your profession you are only a bishop; in mine, I am the Pope." With an exercise of other-worldly patience, the bishop remained to look at Portinari's sketches for the murals, and found that they were well-proportioned groupings in a pleasingly realistic style. "I will judge the paintings solely on their merits," said the bishop at last. "The bishop is a sensible, intelligent man," said Portinari.

The murals in oil—on familiar scenes from the life of Christ—took most of the next year to paint. After the bishop's blessing last week, all Batatais flocked to the church to admire the results. Portinari glowed with pleasure at his home-town triumph, and the bishop announced with pardonable satisfaction that "the master of Batatais has gloriously superseded the artist of Pampulha."

## LIGHT & DARK

EVERY two years, Washington's Corcoran Gallery stages one of the nation's most important exhibitions—a huge cross-section show of U.S. paintings. For laymen, it is an opportunity to see the nation's best representatives of every school of contemporary art; for the painters whose works are shown, it means acceptance into the top ranks of U.S. artists. This week the Corcoran opened its 23rd biennial show—a lavish spread of 226 paintings—and announced the four prizewinners. The \$2,000 First Prize went to Abraham Rattner's glowing *Composition with Three Figures* (opposite). A pleasantly romantic still life by Hobson Pittman took second money. Francis Chapin sailed in third with *Regatta at Edgartown* (opposite), and William Congdon came fourth with a chic peek at Venice, done in glimmering impasto.

Artist Rattner, 57, was a camouflage engineer in World War I, returned to Paris after the armistice for 20 years of advance-guard painting. He came home in 1920, now teaches at the University of Illinois. His prizewinning picture looks as if it might have been intended to represent the Crucifixion, camouflaged, or seen through stained glass darkly. But Rattner's explanations are never that simple. Says he: "It is rather an idea related to the need to give men hope and encouragement, and involving the conflicting things that we are confronted with today in our hearts and souls."

At 54, Chicago's Francis Chapin is a cheerful conservative with his feet firmly planted in the dazzle of impressionism. "I chose the regatta as a subject," he says, "because it was just plain old pictorial." His prizewinning result, as light and easy as Rattner's is dark and difficult, proves that there is nothing wrong with such a modest ambition. Taken together, the two paintings speak well for the scope and vitality of U.S. art.

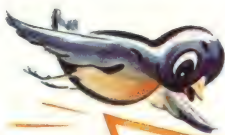




CORCORAN PRIZEWINNERS: CHAPIN'S "REGATTA AT EDGARTOWN"

RATTNER'S "COMPOSITION WITH THREE FIGURES"





# Bird's-eye view

Aerial photograph of Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle—  
scene of an architectural renaissance.



# of a city born anew



TRAVELERS visiting Pittsburgh see a *new* city nowadays. The Golden Triangle, center of Pittsburgh's business life, has changed.

To meet the needs of a growing, prosperous city, down came buildings of all ages and sizes, from old office buildings and warehouses to one-floor structures dating back almost to the Civil War.

In their place almost overnight, new skyscrapers appeared. A modern 20-story apartment house and a beautiful air-conditioned hotel were completed. Plus a new \$5,000,000 warehouse that's well over a quarter-mile long. Then, at the apex of the Triangle, three large office buildings were constructed . . . with still others in the offing.

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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Ella Raines, 31, cinemactress (*Hail the Conquering Hero, Brute Force*), and her second husband. Air Force Lieut. Colonel Robin Olds, 30; their second child, second daughter; in Cornwall, N.Y. Name: Susan. Weight: 7 lbs.

**Died.** Klement Gottwald, 56, Moscow-trained President-Dictator of Czechoslovakia; in Prague (see FOREIGN NEWS).

**Died.** Joseph Raleigh Bryson, 60, tee-totalling Democratic Representative from South Carolina since 1939, leader of the dry forces in Congress who tried to put the nation on the wagon during World War II; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Bethesda, Md.

**Died.** Fred Toney, 63, National League pitcher (1911-23); of a heart attack; in Nashville, Tenn. Tall (6 ft. 4 in.), lumbering Righthander Toney made major-league history in 1917 by pitching a ten-inning no-hitter for the Cincinnati Reds while Chicago Cubs Pitcher Jim Vaughn pitched nine hitless innings, let in the Reds' winning run in the tenth.


**Died.** Homer Lenoir Ferguson,\* 80, dean of American shipbuilders, president (1915-46) of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.; of a heart attack; in Warwick, Va. As boss of the nation's oldest and largest builder of merchant and naval vessels, Annapolis-trained Engineer Ferguson directed its round-the-clock construction frenzy in two world wars, built 15 of the Navy's big aircraft carriers (*Hornet, Midway*, etc.).

**Died.** Dr. Herman Benjamin Baruch, 80, physician, financier, former U.S. Ambassador to Portugal (1945-47) and The Netherlands (1947-49), brother of Elder Statesman Bernard M. Baruch; in Wyandanch, N.Y.

**Died.** Newcomb Carlton, 84, longtime (1914-43) president and chairman of the board of Western Union; in White Plains, N.Y. Originator of the Night Letter to keep Western Union's wires humming full time, Carlton led the company's expansion from its far-strung web of Morse keys to a giant network of modern telegraphic printers. He scoffed at "stuffed shirts" in business, made a point of never lecturing his messenger boys on the rewards of hard work. Rather: "It's the breaks. Success depends upon which side of the street you were walking on at a certain minute of a certain day."

**Died.** James A. Hard, 111, oldest veteran of the Civil War and next-to-last survivor of the Grand Army of the Republic (the last G.A.R. survivor: Albert Woolson, 106, of Duluth, Minn.); in Rochester, N.Y. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

\* No kin to Michigan's Republican Senator Homer Ferguson.

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## THE PRESS

### Slapped Down

When newsmen were barred from the Manhattan vice trial of Minot F. ("Mickey") Jelke (TIME, Feb. 16 *et seq.*), five dailies and two press services appealed the ruling of Trial Judge Francis L. Valente. Last week the New York supreme court's appellate division, in a 3-to-2 decision, slapped down the publishers on the ground that "freedom of the press is not involved." Said the majority: there is no "right of every citizen to be a spectator" at a trial. Public trials are only to protect "the civil rights of the individual" (defendant), and third parties "not directly affected" cannot intervene to protect such rights. Said the two dissenting judges: the exclusion violated the public's right to public trials. "Cases involving prostitution . . . have been with us for years . . . No showing has been made [distinguishing this] case in any moral way from the run of prostitution cases . . ."

### Big Tent

Most publishers work mightily to achieve big circulations. But not the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. It has become the world's biggest publisher of trade magazines and the fourth biggest U.S. magazine publisher\* by carefully restricting its circulation. Newsstand sales, the lifeblood of most magazines, are not for McGraw-Hill, either. Last year although its 37 magazines made up two-thirds of McGraw-Hill's \$62.5 million gross, it did not put a single one on newsstands. Nor do the seven McGraw-Hill bureaus and 46 part-time correspondents around the world cover the breaking news like other correspondents. In Korea, McGraw-Hill reporters pay little attention to battles; they are more interested in the performance of trucks and jeeps for *Fleet Owner*, or of airplanes, for *Aviation Week*. Covering the recent European floods for *Engineering News-Record*, McGraw-Hill correspondents left the human toll to other reporters, instead filed detailed stories on dike construction and how future floods could be prevented.

**Exclusive Club.** The 37 magazines, including four in Spanish for Latin America, have a circulation of only 1,085,000. But McGraw-Hill thinks the small circulations of its weeklies, fortnightly and monthlies are parceled out where they count, among businessmen, technicians, scientists, and other specific groups. To advertisers, who pay high space rates, McGraw-Hill plugs the theme of a select audience, e.g., a tire manufacturer is assured that his ad in *Bus Transportation* will be read only by bus company executives, municipal officials, etc. "We put up



William Sumit  
PRESIDENT CURTIS MCGRAW  
Into the Atomic Age.

a tent," says Editorial Director Ralph Smith, "and tell everyone we're going to put on a certain kind of show and sell admissions so that we know the people coming are really interested." Next week McGraw-Hill will put up a brand-new tent when it begins publishing two oil magazines (including the weekly *National Petroleum News*) and three daily services (e.g., *Platt's Oilgram Price Report*) bought from Cleveland's Warren C. Platt, giving it a magazine covering every major U.S. industry except steel production.

Over them all it has *Business Week*, the main tent in the profitable McGraw-Hill



Associated Press  
FOUNDER JAMES MCGRAW  
Out of a horse-drawn streetcar.

\* First three after deducting commissions: TIME Inc., whose gross in 1942 was \$446 million, Curtis Publishing Co. (*Satepost*, *Holiday*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Country Gentleman*), an estimated \$240 million; Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. (*Woman's Home Companion*, *American Magazine*, *Collier's*), \$68 million.



## Neatest trick of the week-end

Is WALLOPING a golf ball your special dish? Or serving aces? Or do you revel most in just taking life easy?

No matter how you spend your precious week-end hours, it's a safe bet that neat, comfortable, casual clothes add to your pleasure!

There's a story behind this change to neatness and comfort in men's slacks, sports shirts, jackets. And an important part of it deals with rayon.

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circus, which made \$3,272,505 net after taxes in 1952. Last year, *Business Week* ran more ads than any other magazine in the world (5,502 pages), and took in an estimated \$12 million. *Business Week* is run by Managing Editor Edgar Grunwald, 43, a McGraw-Hill veteran, while Editor & Publisher Elliott V. Bell, one-time New York State superintendent of banking and Dewey aide, looks after broad policy. The magazine puts little premium on literary graces, but tells businessmen in their own language what is happening in industry, government, technology, etc. And it makes sure that only businessmen read it; it screens subscriptions, refuses to take on business executives below the rank of assistant manager.

**Following the Horses.** McGraw-Hill owes its success to making trade-magazine publishing honest. Trade papers were paste-ups from advertisers' handouts when James H. McGraw, an ex-school-teacher and part-time magazine salesman, started out in 1884. As payment for \$1,500 in subscription commissions, he got an interest in a monthly called *Street Railway Journal*, insisted from the start that trade magazines "have an educational mission . . ." But when he tried to educate his partners (e.g., the magazine must concentrate on the new electric trolleys), they argued that trolley-owners would never give up horses and lose their profitable sideline selling manure.

McGraw, disgusted that his partners "couldn't see over a pile of manure," split with them and took the streetcar magazine with him. Later, he met John Hill, one-time locomotive engineer who owned five trade papers (*American Machinist*, *Power*, *Engineering News*, *Coal Age*, *Engineering and Mining Journal*). Both McGraw and Hill had also started publishing books; in 1909 they formed a joint book-publishing firm. Eight years later, after Hill died, his estate sold out his magazines and book interests to McGraw.\*

**Atomic-Powered.** To keep up with the technical progress in industry, McGraw added such new magazines as *Electronics* and *Product Engineering*. For the businessman who is more manager than technician, he started *Business Week* in 1929. Two months after *Business Week* was launched, the stock market crashed, and in 1932 and 1933 the company showed the only losses in its history. But *Business Week* pulled out of the red before Founder McGraw retired in 1935. His son James ("Jay") McGraw, a Princeton graduate ('15) and a stiff-collared executive who had grown up in the company, took over.

With American industry, McGraw-Hill continued to expand, and sometimes a popular department in one magazine budded into a new magazine. e.g., when one

\* Which now claims to be second only to Doubleday as biggest U.S. book publisher. It specializes in technical books but also puts out fiction, biography and nonfiction, including such bestsellers as *A Man Called Peter*, *Peace of Soul*, *Borwell's London Journal*, and *A Lion in the Streets*.



CACKLE CRATE . . . that's truck driver slang for a truck that hauls poultry. When the first delivery trucks were tried out around the turn of the century, no one foresaw how trucking would revolutionize America's way of living. Today, not only cackle crates go to market, but fresh frozen poultry in refrigerated trucks—all manner of food products—practically everything we eat, wear and use. 24 million tons of it every day.

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## The "Cackle Crate" and how it grew



Maybe this doesn't look like a piston ring, but it is. It's Thompson's revolution ary U-FLEX Piston Ring, a product of The Piston Ring Division, already adopted by many leading automotive builders. The U-FLEX oil control piston ring is setting new standards for oil economy and efficient cylinder lubrication.



sodium-cooled valves, valve rotators and steel-belted pistons improve and lengthen engine life.

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\*Company on request

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salesman—bills customers—writes shipping papers — keeps a control. It saves extra writings, saves time, eliminates copying errors, speeds deliveries.

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of the departments in *Chemical Engineering* grew too big, it became *Food Engineering*. Under Jay McGraw, the company made its only attempt—with *Science Illustrated*—to step out of the trade into the general circulation field. It was a resounding flop. Between 1945-47, the new magazine lost upwards of \$2,000,000. It was beginning to find itself, when Jay McGraw folded it to get ready for the postwar depression mistakenly predicted by his economists.

When he retired in 1950, two years after his father's death, his younger brother, Curtis Whittlesey McGraw (Princeton '20), stepped into the job. Still called "Hack" from football days (he captained Princeton's '19 team), burly (6 ft. 2½ in., 210 lbs.) President McGraw, 57, is as gregarious as his brother was reserved, delegates authority to his top aides. Publications Boss Paul Montgomery, Executive Vice President Willard Chevalier, and Editorial Director Smith, lets the magazines run their own shows.

Hack McGraw subscribes to his father's theory that his "editors must be part of industry before they can be part of the publishing business," would rather hire an engineer and teach him to write than try to make an engineer out of a writer.

Always on the alert for new fields, McGraw-Hill registered the title *Atomic Power* right after the first atom bomb, now publishes it as *Nucleonics*, which is still losing money. But the company has had to wait before for a new trade to catch up with its magazine, and Hack McGraw isn't worried. Said he: "It's another stake in the future. We think it will carry itself well when private industry really gets going in atomic energy."

## Bull's-Eye

To illustrate a story on Stalin's death last week, the New York *Times* printed a photo of a solemn-faced Moscow crowd. Their mood seemed to fit the prose of the *Times's* Moscow Correspondent Harrison Salisbury: "One had the feeling that here were persons who had suffered a heavy and severe blow."

Actually, the editors had dug out an old Sovfoto picture taken back in 1937, when Joseph Stalin was busily purging his Old Bolshevik pals and grinding out propaganda that they were traitors who deserved to be shot. One sharp-eyed *Times* reader, Editor, Author and ex-Communist Max Eastman, who reads Russian, spotted something the *Times* editors had missed on a propaganda poster raised above the crowd. Wrote Eastman to the *Times*: the Salisbury story gave "the impression of an entire nation orphaned and in deep mourning. Perhaps it would help toward an understanding of the deeper state of mind of that nation if you would translate the Russian word so plainly visible . . . above the heads . . . of the crowd . . . The [picture] caption reads: 'The People: Great masses are at Malenkov's disposal for peace or war.' The word on the poster is 'rastreliait!' which means 'execute by shooting.'"



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Now, Chevrolet trucks offer new high-compression power. The advanced Loadmaster engine in heavy-duty models with new 7.1 to 1 compression ratio delivers more horsepower and even more economy.

You'll find plenty of thrifty power in light- and medium-duty models, too, with Chevrolet's famous Thriftmaster Valve-in-Head engine.

Now, Chevrolet trucks are even stronger, sturdier and more rigid with heavier, huskier construction.

Now, Chevrolet trucks bring you more safety with both "Torque-Action" and "Twin-Action" brakes designed for faster, surer stops.

Talk to your Chevrolet dealer, and he will be glad to show you why it's better business to buy Chevrolet Advance-Design trucks. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

One Simple Fact that shows—

# It's better business to buy Chevrolet Trucks



## No other truck at any price offers all these advance-design features:

**VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE:** The right power for your job—plus economy in the Loadmaster or Thirtymaster engine.

**HIGH-EFFICIENCY COMBUSTION:** Specially designed combustion chamber squeezes all available power from fuel.

**POWER-JET CARBURETION:** Meters the flow of fuel to meet exact requirements of engine load and speed with 2-way controlled ignition.

**SPECIALIZED 4-WAY LUBRICATION:** Provides 4 special types of lubrication to lengthen engine life.

**SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION:** Quick, quiet, safe shifting—eliminates "double-clutching."

**HYPOID REAR AXLE:** Lowers tooth pressures, stronger tooth section gives extra durability.

**STRADDLE-MOUNTED PINION:** Maintains better gear alignment, better tooth contact on medium- and heavy-duty models.

**SPLINED AXLE-TO-HUB CONNECTION:** Driving splines mate directly with wheel hubs on heavy-duty models. No bolts to loosen or permit oil leaks.

**BATTLESHIP CAB CONSTRUCTION:** Each cab is a husky double-walled, all-welded steel unit of great strength and durability.

**UNIT-DESIGNED BODIES:** Floors, tops, sides built as separate matching units for greater strength and safety. Widest color choice at no extra cost.

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For 11 consecutive truck production years, Chevrolet trucks have been chosen by more buyers than any other

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—E. J. (Eph) Davis, Manager of Traffic and Order Dept., with new Caterpillar DW20 Tractor

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"Construction men work against deadlines. If machinery can't be serviced—regardless of age—with genuine manufacturer's parts, they don't want it. It's an 'orphan'!"

"This can't happen when it's Caterpillar-built.

"If the Caterpillar dealer is temporarily out of stock, he can get any part practically overnight—by Air Express! Air Express speed, closely coordinated with our Special Order department, gives all domestic Caterpillar dealers—over 375 stores—com-

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"'Down time' is cut to the minimum . . . machine life extended to the maximum . . . with the help of Air Express speed and dependability.

"That's why Caterpillar dealers frequently tell us 'Ship it Air Express'—averaging more than 18 times a day!"

Air Express gets there first—and often *saves money*, too! In many weights and distances, rates are *lowest* of all commercial air carriers!

It pays to express yourself clearly. Say Air Express! Division of Railway Express Agency.



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# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## EARNINGS

### Good Cheer & Bad

The first big batch of annual reports for 1952 came out last week. Most made good reading for stockholders. But there were some companies, caught by high costs and taxes, which sold more goods only to make less money. And a comparative few were deep in the red. A synopsis:

**Automobiles.** General Motors, nudged out by Standard Oil of New Jersey in 1951 as the biggest corporate money-maker, was back in first place. Rolling up the largest sales ever reported by any company (\$7.6 billion), G.M.'s net earnings were up 10% to \$559 million, third highest in G.M.'s history. Studebaker, the biggest independent automaker, rounded out its 100th year with record sales, boosted its net 13% to \$14.3 million.

**Airlines.** United's operating income soared 24% to the highest (\$159 million) in its 27 years; its net climbed 25% to \$10.7 million.

**Railroads.** Baltimore & Ohio's net halved to \$10 million, \$4,100,000 more than in 1951, despite a 6.93% drop in coal traffic. Santa Fe's gross revenues topped \$600 million for the first time, but earnings fell \$2,600,000 to \$70.7 million.

**Oil.** Standard Oil of New Jersey estimated that it would net \$10 million less (about \$518 million) than in 1951. Shell, with gross sales of \$1,143,632,000, joined the select Billion Dollar Club for the first time, but its earnings fell 6% (to \$90.9 million).

**Metals.** Phelps Dodge, the second biggest domestic copper producer, piled up the biggest sales in its history (\$262.9 million), but netted 18% less (\$35 million). Reynolds Metals' sales increased 9%, but net fell 7% to \$14.7 million.

**Steel.** Hard hit by strikes, which cost 6,000,000 ingot-tons production, U.S. Steel's sales fell 11% (to \$3.1 billion), and profits dropped from \$184.3 to \$143.6 million. Jones & Laughlin's earnings fell from \$50.9 to \$19.5 million.

**Rubber.** Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., biggest of the tiremakers, saw its sales top \$1 billion for the second successive year, and its net bounce from \$36.6 to \$39 million.

**Textiles.** On 17.8% less sales, Celanese's net skidded from \$24.8 to \$20,200,000. Bigelow-Sanford's carpet business grossed 13% less (\$67.3 million), and for the second year in a row it wound up in the red, though the loss had been cut from \$2,300,000 in 1951 to \$1,250,000.

## WALL STREET

### The Hatfields & the McCoys

In the normally polite business of investment banking, two firms have long been known as the Hatfields and the McCoys. One is Chicago's Halsey, Stuart & Co., which staunchly fights for competitive bidding for security issues; the other

is Manhattan's Morgan Stanley & Co., which just as staunchly believes that the best way to float securities is to negotiate a price with the issuer.

Halsey, Stuart's President Harold Stuart has seldom missed a chance to take a potshot at Morgan Stanley; in fact, he was an important Government witness in the antitrust case\* against 17 investment bankers (TIME, March 31). With his help, the U.S. hoped to prove that Morgan Stanley and its Wall Street colleagues long monopolized the securities business by the negotiated-bid methods which Stuart objected to. But Stuart was of little help, and Morgan Stanley steadfastly denies such charges. It points out that it has invited Stuart to join in several of its

## RETAIL TRADE

### Store into Institution

In the heart of downtown Detroit stands the block-square, 25-story building that houses J. L. Hudson Co., the second largest\* department store in the world. To Detroiters, Hudson's is an institution. One hundred thousand of them shop there every day. But outside the city, the huge store is hardly known. The four brothers who own and run it, all nephews of Founder J. L. Hudson, have a long-standing rule of no publicity, refuse to see the press, and have had only one group picture taken in their lives (see cut). Their publicity director, in fact, is under orders to "have no part of getting names into



Hudson's Webber Brothers†

The toughest competition is in the basement.

negotiated deals, only to be turned down cold.

Last week, for the first time, the two companies joined hands to underwrite a securities issue. Halsey, Stuart & Co. agreed to join a group of more than 200 underwriters, headed by Morgan Stanley, to sell \$200 million of Allied Chemical & Dye Corp. bonds next month. It is the biggest public underwriting of industrial corporate securities in history—and, true to Morgan Stanley tradition, is a negotiated deal. Even so, Halsey, Stuart insisted that no compromise of principle was involved. Said Advertising Manager Carl A. Anderson: "We still believe certain things and they believe other things. [But] we certainly don't let other feelings interfere with our interest in participating in a job of this dimension."

\* Last week, after 5,000,000 words of testimony, the Government rested its case. The Defense now gets its innings.

print." His job is to handle advertising and to tell employees about Hudson's.

Last week Hudson's gave its employees a significant figure for private consumption. In 1952 it reported in a memo to top staffers, the store's total sales hit \$152 million, up slightly from 1951; sales in January of this year showed a 4.0% jump over a year ago, v. a rise of only 1.7% for all Detroit retailing. Long famed for conservatism (it always refers to cocktail dresses as "after 5 frocks"), Hudson's is nevertheless moving with the trend towards suburban stores—and its sales should keep rising. Next year, it is opening a \$20 million shopping center a mile outside the city limits. Under construction

\* By floor space, Hudson's has 2,174,316 sq. ft. First is Manhattan's R. H. Macy & Co., with 2,150,000 sq. ft. and whose sales, including 20 branches and subsidiaries, were \$337 million for the fiscal year ending Aug. 2, 1952.

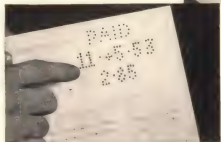
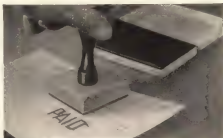
† Richard, Oscar, Joseph, James.



# You're Wasting Time Every Day

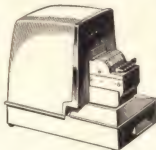
if the invoices  
you pay ...

LOOK  
LIKE  
THIS



INSTEAD  
OF  
THIS

NOW! DO AN HOUR'S WORK IN 3 MINUTES  
WITH **Cummins** MULTIPLE MARKING



If yours is an office without Cummins multiple marking you are wasting hours every day.

Cummins multiple-marks 20 papers at a time—20,000 an hour—with *holes you can read*. Whatever your marking job, they will do in 3 minutes what formerly took an hour by hand. The holes are in to stay . . . can't be removed or altered. And there are no skips . . . Cummins Perforators mark every paper—legibly, neatly, permanently.

Hand stamping the invoices you pay one-at-a-time—along with each supporting document—is a time-taking, painstaking task. Risky, too . . . you take a chance of skipping important papers. This never happens with a Cummins Perforator.

Whether your office pays, receipts, codes cancels, numbers, dates, validates—does any of numerous marking jobs—there's a Cummins Perforator that will save you time and money.\*



IN BUSINESS AND BANKS SINCE 1897  
**Cummins**

For full information, mail coupon  
or phone Cummins Business Machines  
Division Offices in principal cities

CLIP AND ATTACH TO YOUR LETTERHEAD TODAY

Cummins Business Machines  
Chicago 40, Ill., Dept. T-283

\*I want proof and facts. Send me Certified Gould Reports on several of thousands of present users.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Company \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

YOU CAN'T  
ERASE A HOLE

on a 400-acre site, it will have a theater, baby-sitting services, parking space for 6,000 cars and—just to keep Hudson's on its toes—more than 70 other stores, all selling competing merchandise.

**Money Back.** The store was founded by Joseph Lothian Hudson\* in 1881 in a corner of the old Detroit Opera House. At first, it sold only men's and boys' clothing, but soon moved into larger quarters and expanded its line to almost everything except autos. When J.L., a bachelor, died in 1912, he left the business to his nephews, the Webber boys—Richard H. (now chairman), Oscar (president), James B. and Joseph L. (both merchandising directors).

Building on retailing's oldest precedent, that the customer is always right, the Webbers established a host of services, including one of the most liberal refund systems in the world. If a Hudson's customer decides he doesn't like something he has bought, all he has to do is pick up the phone and say so; one of Hudson's 300 delivery trucks will come and take the merchandise back. Hudson's has been known to credit merchandise bought ten years before and never used. Last year, Hudson's actually sold more than \$175 million in goods; with no fuss, it took back \$25 million worth.

**Educated Customers.** The Webbers are always looking for new ways to educate customers to new needs—which Hudson's can supply. A staff of 43 interior decorators helps shoppers pick furnishings and (for a modest fee) makes home calls to advise on such things as wallpaper and floor plans for furniture. To lure shoppers off the ground floor, the Webbers spotted four restaurants through the store, where 8,900 customers are served daily.

Unlike most retailers, the Webbers lease out few departments (e.g., beauty and optical shops); thus can keep close tabs on quality throughout the store. To keep track of quantity, they get detailed figures on each day's operations by 9 the next morning, can instantly spot when any department shows signs of slipping. Its basement store, which racked up \$35 million in sales last year, does not sell just slow movers and castoffs from upstairs; it has its own staff of buyers and merchandisers. Says Merchandising Director James Webber: "The basement store is the upstairs store's toughest competition."

Hudson's is as much an institution to its 11,500 employees as to its customers. When an employee takes sick, he collects full salary indefinitely; anyone who has worked at Hudson's for five years or more can be fired only with the O.K. of the president.

In turn, Hudson's expects its staff to remain true to the "Hudson Creed," which hangs framed in the executive offices and which is handed out to every new employee: "I believe in Hudson's because I am putting into it myself . . . My faith is . . . in the ideals of men, those who are responsible for this great house of industry . . . I stand inspired . . ."

\* Whose sister, Mrs. William Clay, was the mother of Mrs. Edsel Ford.



*"It took me ten  
distracting minutes  
to hear what the man said—  
just an hour ago  
—already I've forgotten  
important details!"*

**In just one quiet minute  
I read the same  
facts in a Telegram  
—clear—concise—  
accurate— And they  
can't be forgotten!"**



**WESTERN  
UNION**



More cargo capacity...  
up to 19,000 lbs.

## NOW scheduled all-cargo Clippers to Latin America

• These new Latin American scheduled services are in addition to Pan American's direct, through-plane, all-cargo Clipper service to Europe... and on to the Middle East. On these—and on over 40 regular flights from the U. S. daily—your cargo in almost any shape, size or form can go swiftly to major cities on all six continents.

With the scheduled dependability of Clipper® Cargo you can open new markets, get faster deliveries, cut your costs and even reserve space in advance.

For a detailed Cost Analysis of the specific savings you can make with Clipper Cargo (no obligation)—Call your Shipping Agent or Pan American.

411 Offices around the world

In New York:  
Stillwell 6-0600  
80 E. 42nd Street

Leader in overseas air cargo—

# PAN AMERICAN

World's Most Experienced Airline

\*Travel-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

## FASHION

### Flair from Eire

In the grand ballroom of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria last week, some 1,200 members of the garment industry crowded in for a look at the latest fashions from abroad. Among the 57 styles paraded across the stage were some from Europe's top designers—Dior, Fath, Balenciaga, Visconti. But the dress that brought the house down was "First Love," the product of an almost unknown Irish woman. Designed by Dublin's 32-year-old Sybil Connolly, it was a dazzling white ball gown made of gossamer-thin handkerchief linen. Sewn into 5,500 minuscule pleats and banded with five strips of bright woven white satin, the flowing dress looked fit for a fairy queen (see cut). Price: \$475.

The evening gown was one of 44 designs that Sybil Connolly brought to the U.S. for her first American showings at Gimbel's in Philadelphia and later at Filene's in Boston. Though she has been designing in Dublin for ten years, Connolly first caught the eye of the continental trade last year, when she brought out her "Irish Washerwoman" style in line with a new trend to fringed tweeds and shawls.

Most of Connolly's styles reflect traditional Irish dress ("I couldn't design a button anywhere but in Ireland," says Sybil), instead of merely copying the trends of Rome and Paris. She uses native Irish materials, works closely with the Irish weavers, and turns out clothes from \$80 to \$475. In the middle bracket (\$295) is her green velvet, off-the-shoulder "Kinsale Cape" for evening wear. One of the prettiest of the Connolly lot: "Kitchen Fugue," a full-skirted evening dress with stole, made of multicolored Irish-linen kitchen toweling, for \$89.95.

## UTILITIES

### High-Powered Progress

The biggest-spending utility company in the U.S. is California's Pacific Gas & Electric Co. Reason: it has to expand furiously to keep up with the gas and electricity needs of the fastest-growing state. Last week, in his annual report, P. G. & E.'s President James Byers Black told how fast the company has grown. Since the end of World War II, P. G. & E. has spent a phenomenal \$385,000 a day on expansion. Last month, it spent its billionth postwar dollar—and is still far from finished. It will go on spending at the rate of \$385,000 a day until it has spent another \$500 million.

Utilityman Black, the company's president since 1935 (and Shirley Temple's father-in-law), has had to keep up with the needs of California's 46 northern counties, where he sells power to half of the 5,500,000 people. He has also had to fight the threat of public power from the great Central Valley Project, which includes Shasta Dam. As part of his grand plan, Black has added ten new power plants, 200,000 miles of new transmission lines, 15,000 additional miles of distribu-



CONNOLLY'S "FIRST LOVE"



"KINSALE CAPE"



Richard Danner Photos

"KITCHEN FUGUE"

From washerwoman to a fairy queen.

tion lines, and a 500-mile pipeline from Arizona that added 300 million cubic feet of natural gas daily to P. G. & E.'s supply of 400 million cubic feet. As a result, gross revenues, only \$92 million when Black took over, last year hit \$300 million.

While the public-power-minded Bureau of Reclamation had hoped that municipalities would set up their own systems and buy power from Shasta Dam, P. G. & E. is still Shasta's biggest customer. The company has kept its rates so low that few communities have shown any inclination to go into the electric business.

## CORPORATIONS

### 3-D Bonanza

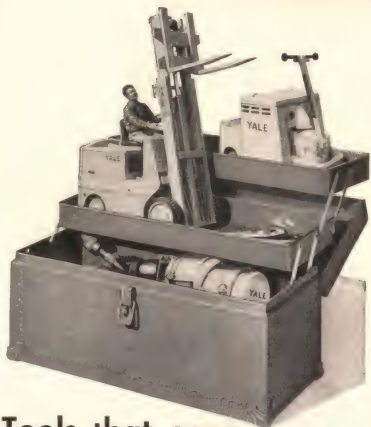
In 1940, when Polaroid Corp. got an order for 2,000,000 special eyeglasses for a world's fair exhibit, Polaroid's President Edwin Herbert Land predicted: "The lenses will be used [to view] a three-dimensional Technicolor movie . . . This new movie in Technicolor is believed to be a forerunner of unusual developments in the art of motion-picture production."

By last week, Land's tentative prediction had come true in a way that exceeded even his wildest fancy. In Hollywood's rush to make three-dimensional epics (TIME, Feb. 16), Polaroid is the indispensable company; it is the only maker of the Polaroid glasses needed to view pictures-in-depth.\*

Since December, Polaroid has expanded production from 100,000 to 12 million pairs a month, but it still cannot fill the demand—at 10¢ apiece to exhibitors. United Artists alone has ordered 10 million pairs, and Warner Bros. and Columbia want 20 million for April delivery. But the best angle for Polaroid is that the glasses are used only once (for sanitary reasons). Headlined *Variety*: **DEACUP BLACK INK FOR POLAROID**.

Polaroid expects more black ink from another invention it is readying for 3-D: a radical new system of three-dimensional photography called Vectograph. Now, it is necessary to photograph two pictures of the same scene on different reels (one as seen by the right eye and the other by the left), and project them from separate machines so that they merge into one picture. In the Vectograph system, now in the final stages of development, one camera takes two images on a single frame of film, and projects them by a single machine. With Vectograph, Land expects that any theater can show 3-D movies with no more equipment—or operating expense—than present pictures.

**One-Way Passage.** Polaroid's 3-D bonanza is only a wider opening in a vein it has been profitably mining for years. The phenomenon of polarized light has been a scientific curiosity for at least two centuries, but Land, as a teen-age youngster experimenting in his home laboratory,



## Tools that ease jobs for workers

YALE TRUCKS AND HOISTS are capable of industry's every lifting, moving and stacking job . . . can be your most valuable production, storing and maintenance tools.

Perhaps you need heavy-duty outdoor service . . . choose the *Gas-Powered YARD KING* with Yale-exclusive Fluid Drive. Maybe you need a lighter-weight Truck for aisles as narrow as 6' or less . . . choose the *Electric WAREHOUSE*. Whatever YALE Truck or Hoist you choose, you'll get the time and work-saving equipment that can cut your handling costs as much as 75%.

SEND FOR FREE BROCKET  
OFFERED IN COUPON

## YALE\*

### MATERIALS HANDLING EQUIPMENT

Yale Hoists are sold  
exclusively through  
INDUSTRIAL DISTRIBUTORS

\*Registered trade mark

### Write for answers to your problems, too!

How did a large milk producer's cooperative cut shipping and receiving man hours 75% with YALE equipment?

How did a major publishing concern triple storage facilities with YALE equipment?

How did a one-man factory increase efficiency and simplify manufacturing operations with YALE equipment?

How did a large steel corporation cut keg breakage 40% with YALE equipment?

### --- MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY ---

The **YALE & TOWNE** Manufacturing Co., Dept. 243  
Roosevelt Blvd. & Haldeman Ave., Phila. 15, Pa.

Please send my free copy of *Picture Story of  
Yale Materials Handling Equipment*.

Company \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

In Canada write: The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company  
Box 237—Postal Station "A"—Toronto

\* Other 3-D effects, such as Cinerama (TIME, Oct. 13, 1952) and Cinemascope (TIME, Feb. 9), do not require glasses since they create an illusion of depth with wide, curving screens instead of true stereoscopic projection, using polarized light (TIME, Dec. 15, 1952).

*These Bonds have not been and are not being offered to the public.  
This advertisement appears as a matter of record only.*

**NEW ISSUE**

**\$60,000,000**

## Interprovincial Pipe Line Company

(A Canadian Corporation)

**4% First Mortgage and Collateral Trust Bonds, Series C**  
**Due April 1, 1973**

(Principal and Interest payable in United States Funds)

Subject to the terms and conditions of Purchase Agreements negotiated by the undersigned, certain institutional investors have entered into a commitment to purchase the above Bonds.

## The First Boston Corporation

NEW YORK      BOSTON      PITTSBURGH      CHICAGO  
PHILADELPHIA      CLEVELAND      SAN FRANCISCO

March 13, 1953.

was the first to find a way to exploit it. He impregnated plastic with tiny needle-like crystals that allowed only light waves vibrating in a single plane to pass through. As a physics student at Harvard, Land perfected the idea, and left before graduation to found his own company.

From its beginning in 1932, Polaroid's bread & butter was photographic equipment and sunglasses. Soon he was making other glare-free devices—binoculars, desk lamps and railroad-car windows. Later, he brought out the phenomenally successful Polaroid Land Camera (TIME, May 30, 1949), which prints pictures within a minute after they are snapped. Last year, on sales of \$13,400,000, up 45% in a year, Polaroid netted \$597,000.

**On the Up & Up.** Besides the Vectograph, Land still has a fistful of other new products about ready for the market. Among them: a new camera film so sensitive that it will take pictures by candlelight, and a quick-developing film for the Polaroid Land Camera that will take pictures in full color. Only last month Polaroid began shipping to commercial users an X-ray film that can be developed in one minute. It is already in wide use in Korea. With these, plus his glasses, Land thinks that Polaroid this year will once again boost sales 45%.

## GOODS & SERVICES

### New Ideas

**New Newsprint.** The Great Northern Paper Co., which produces 34% of the newsprint made in the U.S., announced that it has found a cheap way to make newsprint from hardwood, a trick no other papermaker has been able to perform. Up till now, newsprint has been made from softwood. Great Northern, which owns 14% of Maine's land, including 800,000 acres of hardwood, plans to spend \$32 million to expand and to install the new process, boosting its present newsprint production of 377,000 tons a year to 555,000.

**Zeprex.** The U.S. Plywood Corp. has bought the National Brick Corp. to convert it to manufacture Zeprex, a porous building material that looks like concrete, and is almost as strong, but can be chopped, sawed, and nailed like wood. Composed of cement, water and chemicals, Zeprex is only one-fifth as heavy as concrete but is said to insulate ten times as well, can be used for making walls, ceilings and floors. Until U.S. production begins early next year, Zeprex will be imported from Sweden, where it was invented.

**Moppet Motorcar.** At the American Toy Fair in Manhattan, the Ideal Toy Corp. displayed a motorcar with a Fiberglas body for moppets. The car is 62 in. long, 30 in. wide, is powered by a six-volt battery and has a top speed of 5 m.p.h. Price: around \$60.

**Nash's Le Mans.** To its Nash-Healey sports-car line, Nash Motors added a coupé, the Le Mans. Designed by Pinin Farina, it is low-slung (55 in. high) and racy, has a six-cylinder 140 h.p. engine (up from last year's 125 h.p.). Price: about \$6,400.



**You know they're safe...  
with ANCHOR FENCE!**

Protects children, pets and gardens... beautiful sturdy Anchor Fence keeps children and pets from running out into traffic dangers; and keeps trespassers and stray animals from your lawns and gardens.

Permanent protection. Anchor Fence requires no annual repairs or painting. Stands erect in all weather and in all soils. Unaffected by rot or termites.

Modest cost, with budget terms. Factory-trained erectors will install your Anchor Fence. Write for free booklet to ANCHOR FENCE PRODUCTS, INC., Fence Div., 6685 Eastern Avenue, Baltimore 24, Maryland.

# Anchor Fence

Division of ANCHOR POST PRODUCTS, INC.

### Big News About Public Seating—

**NEW, HEAVY-DUTY  
VINYL UPHOLSTERY**

NOW MAKES

## Samson Folding Chairs

**WEAR LONGER!**

• Now—at no extra cost—all upholstered Samson chairs for public seating are covered in heavy-duty Samsonite vinyl, 50% stronger than vinyl material made for home use!



Write us, on your letterhead, for "How To Save Money On Public Seating." Ask your Samson public seating distributor about special low prices on quantity purchases; or write direct.



Shawyer Bros., Inc., Public Seating Div.,  
Dept. V-4, Detroit 29, Mich.

**Strong Enough To Stand On!**

SAMSON FOLDING CHAIRS ARE USED BY SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES EVERYWHERE! Also makers of famous Samson Folding Furniture for the home and smart Samsonite Luggage for travel.





## Should a man take a business worry home with him?

Probably not. But if tonight's the soonest you can think about *this* one, then by all means—think about it hard, tonight, in your easy chair.

Think what a fix your company would be in if, tomorrow morning, all your accounts receivable records were gone. All your accounts payable, inventory and tax records.

And don't content yourself with the thought that nothing *could* happen to them. That they're in the office safe. That the building is fireproof. That, anyhow, you have fire insurance.

At the risk of jolting your composure, remind yourself that somewhere you read that 43 out of 100 firms that lose their records in a fire never reopen. It's true.

And remind yourself, too, that a fireproof building simply walls-in and intensifies a fire that starts in an office. And that a safe without the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label on the inside or outside of the door simply acts as an incinerator once temperatures get above 350° F.

And jog your memory, too, about

the clause in your insurance policy which says that to collect fully, you must "furnish proof of loss within 60 days" . . . virtually impossible with records in ashes.

The risk is too great—don't take it. Find out how little it costs to stop gambling the future of your business. Find out how little it costs to provide the world's best protection against fire for your records—a Mosler "A" Label Record Safe.

*Consult classified telephone directory for name of the Mosler dealer in your city, or mail the coupon now for free information material.*

IF IT'S MOSLER . . . IT'S SAFE

*The* **Mosler Safe Company**  
HAMILTON, OHIO Since 1848

*World's largest builders of safes and bank vaults . . . Mosler built the U. S. Gold Storage Vaults at Fort Knox and the famous bank vaults that withstood the Atomic Bomb at Hiroshima*



The Mosler Safe Company • Dep't. TH,  
320 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me (check one or both)

☐ Illustrated catalog, describing the new series of Mosler Record Safes.

☐ Free Mosler Fire "DANGERater," which will indicate my fire risk in 30 seconds.

NAME ..... POSITION .....  
FIRM NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY ..... STATE .....

# NIBROC<sup>®</sup> SENDS ANNUAL TOWEL COSTS TUMBLING!



**YOU** START saving money when you put Nibroc in your washrooms. Because one Nibroc dries both hands, fewer towels are used. Waste is eliminated. You save on maintenance, too. Large cabinets hold more towels—require less servicing. For superior absorbency, softness, strength order Nibroc—world's largest selling towel for industrial and institutional use. Multifold or singlefold—white or natural. For Free Washroom Posters, samples and name of nearest authorized distributor, write Dept. NA3, Boston.

## BROWN



COMPANY, Berlin, New Hampshire  
CORPORATION, La Tuque, Quebec

General Sales Offices:

150 Causeway Street, Boston 14, Mass.  
Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Quebec

## RADIO & TELEVISION

### The Non-Compatible Blues

Color TV is being used for public use, trumpeted Colorado's Democratic Senator Edwin C. Johnson last week. But "powerful interests" (i.e., set manufacturers) are delaying it until the market is saturated with black & white receivers. Before Johnson could draw breath, both CBS and RCA were making their answers. RCA's David Sarnoff said that his company was doing "everything we know how to advance color TV for the home . . . I don't know to whom Senator Johnson refers . . ." Added CBS, whose non-compatible\* system was approved by FCC 2½ years ago (TIME, Oct. 23, 1950): the fault lies with the Government, which restricted production on color TV equipment.

But at week's end came word from the National Television System Committee, representing technical groups and most major manufacturers, who banded together to devise a new system that they hoped would make FCC revise its favorable decision on the CBS method. Said N.T.S.C. spokesmen: the committee has designed a compatible system which needs only field tests before it is presented to FCC. The field tests began this week.

### Clean Sweep

For the first time since A. C. Nielsen Co. began publishing comparative popularity ratings of radio programs (January 1941), a single network—CBS Radio—walked off with the top ten spots for both weekly evening shows and daily daytime programs. The nighttime list:

- 1) Jack Benny
- 2) Amos 'n' Andy
- 3) Charlie McCarthy Show
- 4) Our Miss Brooks
- 5) Lux Radio Theater
- 6) People Are Funny
- 7) My Little Margie
- 8) Arthur Godfrey and His Talent Scouts
- 9) Suspense
- 10) Gene Autry Show

The top daytime programs:

- 1) Romance of Helen Trent
- 2) Arthur Godfrey Time (Nabisco)
- 3) Our Gal Sunday
- 4) Godfrey (Liggett & Myers)
- 5) Godfrey (Toni)
- 6) Aunt Jenny
- 7) Godfrey (Frigidaire)
- 8) Guiding Light
- 9) Godfrey (Pillsbury)
- 10) Wendy Warren and the News

### Weeks of Prestige

A "prestige program," in broadcasting circles, is a show that abounds in a specific type of intelligence: it is intelligently conceived, intelligently produced and aimed at an audience with a reasonably high intelligence. It is seldom sponsored,

for any intelligent sponsor knows that reasonably intelligent audiences are hardly worth spending money on. Such a program is *Gunsmoke* (CBS Radio, Sat. 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.).

Producer-Director Norman Macdonnell, 36, describes *Gunsmoke* as "an adult western." Each week U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon (a combination Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp, played by Bill Conrad) meanders through a script about Dodge City & environs. The things that happen, while exciting, are seldom contrived for the sake of violence or plot; they happen because Dillon and the people of Dodge City circa 1880 are merely people who face human experiences.

**Unhappy Man.** In one recent script, Marshal Dillon arrives too late to prevent a lynching. Says Macdonnell: "We



Tea Holmes

PRODUCER MACDONNELL

A sponsor would clean up Dodge City.

got tired of the standard save-'em-just-in-time show. As the play progresses, Matt learns that the guy who was lynched was completely innocent. He knows who the lynch leaders were, but what can he do? Nothing, not in those days, against those odds. So he leaves, without doing anything tangible. And yet, after he is gone, he has left behind in the minds of the townspeople a sense of tremendous shame for what they have done."

As the fulcrum of the series, Marshal Matt Dillon sets the mood. He is, says Macdonnell, "a lonely, sad, tragic man . . . a quiet, unhappy, confused marshal; these days we'd send him to an analyst." Like one of his prototypes,\* Matt is not

\* Dodge City's Deputy Marshal Bat Masterson, who, the story goes, got up one morning on the wrong side of the bunk. He stepped outside, swaggered down the street, shot & killed the first man he met. His explanation: "I just felt like it."

\* A "compatible" color system reproduces in black & white on conventional receivers; a non-compatible system produces only a blur.

# Photocopies in SECONDS!

Exposed

Developed

Printed

with revolutionary, new

## SINGLE-UNIT TRANSCOPY DUPLEX



### CHECK ALL THESE BENEFITS FOUND ONLY IN TRANSCOPY DUPLEX

- Single Unit
- Economical
- No Installation Charge
- Use Anywhere
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all sweetness & light. The girl in the se-  
ries, Kitty, is "just someone Matt has to  
visit every once in a while," says Mac-  
donnell. "We never say it, but Kitty is a  
prostitute, plain and simple."

**Rough History.** To keep the show au-  
thentic, Macdonnell and the three writers  
who provide scripts constantly dig away  
at the history of Dodge City, whose  
Chamber of Commerce recently wrote to  
say that "as near as we can determine,  
Matt lived here at one time." On the  
other hand, Kansas Governor Edward F.  
Arn feels that the program is a little too  
realistic; last week he used a few minutes  
of *Guns, Smoke* air time to assure listeners  
that "Dodge City today is a far cry from  
Dodge City of the past."

Notwithstanding all this interest, *Guns,  
Smoke*, after 47 weeks on the air, remains  
unsponsored. But Macdonnell is not wor-  
ried. "Sure," he says, "I'd feel great if  
someone did buy it, but there would be  
problems. We'd have to clean the show  
up. Kitty would have to be living with  
her parents on a sweet little ranch...  
And Matt, he'd have to wear buckskin  
and swagger around with his guns blazing.  
He'd even have to ride a pure white  
charger. Of course, if a sponsor did come  
along who would let us leave *Guns, Smoke*  
as it is, then we'd really be pleased."

## Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, March  
20. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

### RADIO

**Bomb Target...U.S.A.** (Fri. 9 p.m.,  
CBS). A documentary on U.S. prepara-  
tions for handling atomic disaster. Nar-  
rator: Arthur Godfrey.

**Metropolitan Opera** (Sat. 2 p.m.,  
ABC). *Tristan and Isolde*, with Traubel,  
Svanholm.

**Invitation to Learning** (Sun. 11:35  
a.m., CBS). Discussion of John Stuart  
Mill's essay *On Liberty*.

**New York Philharmonic** (Sun. 2:30  
p.m., CBS). Conductor: Guido Cantelli.

**Seminar** (Sun. 1 p.m., ABC). Dis-  
cussion of William James's *Pragmatism*.

**Dragnet** (Sun. 9:30 p.m., NBC).  
Police stories, with Jack Webb.

### TELEVISION

**All-Star Revue** (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC).  
Guests: Sonja Henie, Harpo Marx.

**You Are There** (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS).  
*The Discovery of Anesthesia*.

**Jack Benny** (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS).  
Guest: Jeanne Cagney.

**Comedy Hour** (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC).  
The hundredth telecast, with Abbott &  
Costello, Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Mar-  
tin & Lewis, Donald O'Connor.

**Armstrong's Circle Theater** (Tues.  
9:30 p.m., NBC). *The Parrot*, a new op-  
era by Darrell Peter and Frank de Felitta.

**Greatest Men of Our Age** (Sun. 3:30  
p.m., NBC). Dr. Louis Finkelstein, chan-  
cellor of the Jewish Theological Semina-  
ry of America, is No. 4 in a series  
which has already presented Bertrand  
Russell, Robert Frost and Poet Carl  
Sandburg.

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TIME, MARCH 23, 1953

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The House Un-American Activities Committee's 1951-52 hearings on Reds in Hollywood had trouble finding evidence of Communist propagandizing by film, but they did whip up a well-publicized froth of big & little Hollywood names. Last week the names made news again:

Q The professional anti-Red magazine *Alert* (West Coast counterpart of *Counterattack*) published a handy list of 522 Hollywood and Los Angeles "cited Reds," drawn, it said, from the committee hearings, and thoughtfully tacked on the names of their accusers.

✶ Twenty-two of the names (including Actor Howard da Silva, Actress Anne Revere, and three of the moviemakers who were shouted out of Silver City, N. Mex. this month for filming the semi-documentary *Salt of the Earth*) filed suit for a whopping \$51,750,000 damages from 17 film companies, two producer associations, 20 top-ranking cinema executives (L. B. Mayer, Howard Hughes, Dore Schary, Sam Goldwyn, *et al.*), nine Congressmen (including the committee's current Chairman Harold Velde), and two committee investigators. The complaint: that their being named on studio blacklists (for such things as refusal to answer the committee's questions about their political beliefs and affiliations) has made them jobless pariahs in filmland. The outcast 22 demand a permanent injunction against "maintaining any blacklist or policy of blacklisting or discriminating against the plaintiffs . . . with respect to employment in the motion picture industry."

**The Blue Gardenia** (Warner) cooks up a better-than-average whodunit out of some rather commonplace movie ingredients: a dead artist (Raymond Burr), a beautiful murder suspect (Anne Baxter), and a dynamic newspaper columnist (Richard Conte) who solves the crime.

The somewhat wilted plot manages to take on an unaccustomed bloom in Fritz Lang's direction and the acting of an adept cast. Director Lang tells his story mostly with the camera, and gives the picture a brisk pace that helps conceal its slack spots. Anne Baxter makes a thoroughly attractive murder suspect, and Richard Conte as the newsman is such a demon columnist that he apparently never even has to bother to write a column.

**Call Me Madam** (20th Century-Fox), the 1950 Broadway hit musical, has become a handsome, hilarious, surefire hit movie. Ethel Merman struts and shouts her way through her original stage role as a diamond-in-the-rough lady ambassador. Irving Berlin's catchy score is practically intact (dropped: the topical *I Like Ike*; added: Berlin's 1913 *The International Rag* and his 1940 *What Chance Have I with Love?*). At its Technicolored best—with Walter Lang's zestful direction, Rob-

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ETHEL MERMAN & GEORGE SANDERS  
She breathes when she wants to.

ert Alton's dances and a topnotch supporting cast—the movie is a bouncer, better show than it was on the stage.

*Call Me Madam* is "a story of the past—1951. It takes place in two mythical countries. One is called Lichtenburg—the other, the United States of America." As the show begins, folksy Washington Hostess Mrs. Sally Adams (Ethel Merman), a lady not unlike Minister to Luxembourg Perle Mesta, is taking her oath as U.S. Ambassador to the Grand Duchy of Lichtenburg. In Lichtenburg, almost everybody—including Princess Vera-Ellen, Foreign Minister George Sanders and Press Attaché Donald O'Connor—seems willing to break into a song or a dance at the drop of a cue. There are some plot complications about an American loan to Lichtenburg, but politics yields mostly to gags, pratfalls and love. By the fadeout, Madam Ambassador has not only won the Order of Lichtenburg (which entitles her to be called a Dame—a promotion from Madam), she has also won Lichtenburg's handsome Diplomat Sanders.

The picture gives Donald O'Connor, as the irrepressible press attaché, an opportunity to display his pleasant singing voice and limber legs. It also gives veteran Movie Villain George Sanders a chance to play a romantic role for a change, which he does attractively, and to sing for the first time on the screen in an agreeable lyric bass voice.

But best of all the movie captures on film the special talents of Ethel Merman. In her first picture since the 1938 *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, the trumpet-voiced queen of Broadway musicalcomedy annexes Hollywood as well. From the opening scene, she sparkplugs the picture with a powerhouse personality. When she is in front of the camera—kicking at her train and tugging at her girdle before a royal reception, or holding a running phone conversation with "Harry" about Bess's

health and Margaret's press notices—the show never has a chance to lag. When she lets loose full power with such tunes as *Can You Use Any Money Today?* and *The Hostess with the Mostes on the Ball*, with every syllable loud, intact and sharply enunciated, Ethel Merman is undeniably the songstress with the mostes'.

For years, Hollywood has seemed unable to make effective use of Ethel Merman, who was once Ethel Zimmerman, a \$35-a-week New York City stenographer. She has appeared in a number of second-rate movies (the best: the 1936 Eddie Cantor musical *Strike Me Pink*). One of the worst: the 1936 movie version of her own Broadway hit *Anything Goes*. But the moviemakers, fearing that the rowdy Merman personality was too strong for the screen, usually tried to tone it down.

When she arrived at the studio to begin *Call Me Madam*, she finally had a film tailored to her dimensions. She also got the A-1 Hollywood treatment, including Betty Grable's sumptuous dressing room and Ace Cameraman Leon Shamroy. She was told to be herself.

The Merman specialty is a brassy, high-hearted dame who is loud but likable. Her first (1930) Broadway success, *Girl Crazy*, cast her as a honky-tonk singer who electrified audiences by shouting *I Got Rhythm* and *Sam & Delilah*. Since then, in ten hit shows, she has played an assortment of lady racketeers, nightclub operators, predatory movie stars and female sharpshooters with such names as Reno Sweeney, Nails O'Reilly Duquesne, Panama Hattie and Annie Oakley. Her songs have had such evocative titles as *I Got a Kick Out of You*, *Eadie Was a Lady*, *Katie Went to Haiti* and *You Can't Get a Man with a Gun*.

Critics, fumbling for words to describe her, have called Ethel a combination of brass band and female wrestler, have sug-

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gested that she has an electric eel somewhere in her ancestry. At 44, she is a trimly plumpish 5 ft. 5, with an oval face, round brown eyes and a generous mouth. The brassy contralto with which she has been captivating musico-comedy-goers for 23 years is natural, untrained ("I breathe when I want to"), and has on occasion reminded listeners of a steam calliope and of a train announcer aiming his announcements at a man with a head cold.

One reason she gives pleasure to her listeners: she sings as if she enjoys the music and believes in the songs ("I'm doing just what I want to do, that's all"). George Gershwin liked to play the pit orchestra piano during the run of *Girl Crazy* just to accompany her when she tore into his *I Got Rhythm*. Cole Porter has called her "the most efficient songstress" in show business. Irving Berlin says that it would be professional suicide for him to write a bad song for Ethel Merman for the simple reason that her strident voice carries every word to the farthest theatergoer in the second balcony.

If *Call Me Madam* enjoys the screen success that seems assured, Ethel Merman may bypass Broadway for a while and devote herself to movies. By doing one picture a year, she would not have to be absent too long from her ten-room duplex apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park, where she lives with her parents and her two children, Ethel, 10, and Robert, 7 (she was divorced last year from Newspaper Executive Robert Levitt). Her next picture, to start in July: *There's No Business Like Show Business*, in which she will again be teamed with Irving Berlin and Director Walter Lang. The movie will be filmed in Fox's new wide-screen Cinemascope, which gives an illusion of three-dimension. But it is doubtful that 3-D has anything at all to add to Ethel Merman's dynamic screen personality.

## CURRENT & CHOICE

**Lili.** A slight but charming cinematic about an orphan girl, a young magician and a romantic puppeteer; with Leslie Caron, Jean Pierre Aumont, Mel Ferrer (TIME, March 9).

**Peter Pan.** Walt Disney's lighthearted feature-length cartoon adaptation of J. M. Barrie's fantasy (TIME, Feb. 2).

**The Little World of Don Camillo.** France's Fernandel as a battling parish priest and Italy's Gino Cervi as a Communist mayor in a film version of the best-selling novel (TIME, Jan. 19).

**Moulin Rouge.** John Huston's strikingly technicolored film about the life and loves of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

**The Member of the Wedding.** Carson McCullers' play about an unhappy twelve-year-old girl; with Julie Harris and Ethel Waters in their original Broadway parts (TIME, Dec. 29).

**Come Back, Little Sheba.** Burt Lancaster as a reformed drunk and Shirley Booth as his slatternly wife in a film version of William Inge's play (TIME, Dec. 29).





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## Poet of the Pulp

THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN (250 pp.)—Ray Bradbury—Doubleday (\$3).

Ray Bradbury, 32, is a pulp writer whose work is admired by highbrows. Indeed, his writing has drawn from Novelist Christopher Isherwood such a full-dress tribute as this: "The sheer lift and power of a truly original imagination exhilarates you . . . a very great and unusual talent." Bradbury's new collection of short stories, *The Golden Apples of the Sun*, shows what has set the Isherwoods off: he is a first-class writer of spook stuff who also happens to have more than a twitch of poet in him.

**Out on the Wires.** A good example of what Bradbury can do is the story called *Powerhouse*, in which a man and his wife take shelter in an electric-power station during a desert rainstorm: "It was a dim undersea place, smooth and clean and polished, as if something or other was always coming through and coming through and nothing ever stayed . . . Each black and grey and green machine gave forth golden cables and lime-colored wires, and there were silver metal pouches with crimson tabs and white lettering, and a pit like a washtub in which something whirled as if rinsing unseen materials at invisible speeds . . . There was a great insect humming all through the air."

Shut in the Bradbury metaphor, the reader begins to feel himself dissolved in a metal drone of language and drawn slowly into the Bradbury dynamo. In fact, it is hard not to go along when the heroine, in a mystical experience, is whirled into the dynamo's core of energy and speed, in an instant, out along a thousand wires: "She glowed and pulsed and was

gentled in the great easy fabric [of the power grid] . . . She was everywhere." Thanks to her glowing experience, Bradbury's heroine discovers a meaning for individual life in an indiscriminate universe.

**Down the Past.** The sense of "infinite interfusion" is Bradbury's purest string, and he plucks it rather too often. In *The April Witch*, a beautiful girl is interfused by a witch, who proceeds to make the girl flirt with a man, so that the witch can enjoy the lovemaking. In *A Sound of Thunder*, a 21st century man goes hunting dinosaurs down a distant time-track; in the excitement he kills a prehistoric butterfly, and when he returns to the present, finds that the death of the butterfly—its effect expanding slowly through the ages—has changed 21st century history.

Californian Bradbury never went to college; he sold newspapers until the pulps began to buy his stuff. Where he found the elf from which he wrings these stories, neither he nor his publisher is saying—though it is obviously a first cousin of the fantastic fellow kept by Author John Collier (TIME, Dec. 3, 1951), and not unrelated to the macabre literary familiar of Algernon Blackwood (TIME, Feb. 12, 1951). However, Author Bradbury's elf of fantasy is obviously only one element in a larger talent that includes passion, irony and even wisdom. If Bradbury could give the elf a rest, he might get some notable work out of his more human qualities.

## The 20-Year Dialogue

HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS (1,650 pp.)—2 Vols. edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe—Harvard (\$12.50).

It all began with a simple bread & butter note that Harold J. Laski, 23, sent to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, 75, one day in 1916. Laski, then an instructor in government at Harvard, assured the Great Dissenter that "you teach our generation how we may hope to live," pressed a couple of books on him, and begged permission to "write sometimes and ask you questions." In the next two decades, Briton Laski asked precious few questions of Yankee Holmes, and frequently he wrote three or four letters to Holmes' one, but the sparks flying between two well-charged minds produced what is perhaps the longest and most scintillating correspondence of the 20th century.

The early Laski, eager and adulatory, often buttered up Holmes as if he were a rich uncle with a legacy to hand out. If this cloyed on Holmes, he never gave a sign: he was obviously having too much fun watching Laski's continuous intellectual floor show. Holmes soon learned to value the new friendship so dearly that when Laski left the U.S. in 1920 to teach at the London School of Economics, Holmes wrote: "I shall miss you sadly. There is no other man I should miss so much."

The age gap was easily bridged. Materialist Holmes, with his suppleness, curi-



Culver

## JUSTICE HOLMES

From Communism to the common cold.

osity and gusto, was perennially young; Socialist Laski, with his dogmas and his immense learning, was prematurely old. For the rest, a passion for ideas, a faith in reason (as used by men of intellect), a dim view of organized religion, mutually known books and friends marked the common court on which they played out a tennis match of the mind. In time, they batted everything and everybody over the net, from Aristotle to Hemingway, from dentists to doorknobs, from Communism to the common cold.

**"The Asm for Isms."** Two facts emerge clearly from the letters: 1) Laski was bright but Holmes was wise; 2) latter-day liberals who have appropriated Holmes as the spiritual godfather of the New Deal will never be able to square that image of him with what he says in these letters, as they could never square it with his other writings. Time & again Holmes gently ribbed Laski and his friends on their "asm for isms."

Wrote Holmes: "I have no respect for the passion for equality, which seems to me merely idealizing envy . . . If I am to consider contributions they vary infinitely—all that any man contributes is giving a direction to force. The architect does it on a larger scale than the bricklayer who only sees that a brick is laid level. I know no *a priori* reason why he should not have a greater reward. Kant did it on a larger scale than the architect . . . Some kind of despotism is at the bottom of the seeking for change. I don't care to boss my neighbors . . . even when, as frequently, I think their wishes more or less suicidal."

**"The Dogmatic Instinct."** Replied Laski: "Your economic diagnosis . . . is at bottom the economics of the soldier who accepts a rough equation between isness and oughtness . . . You are living amid a system where the classic principles of capitalism still work successfully. I amid



United Press

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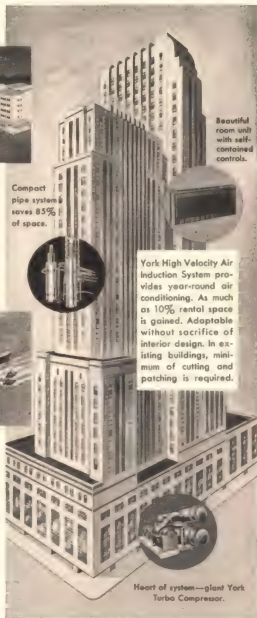
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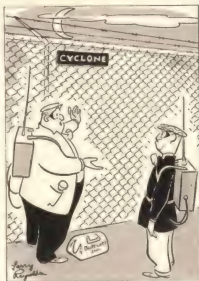
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one where the growing inadequacy of that machine is most obvious."

Laski was never caught without a complete set of opinions. Their range, if not their rightness, unfailingly delighted Holmes. Some of Laski's views:

On himself: "A great Pope was lost in me. I have the dogmatic instinct."

On peace conferences: "It's well to go into these things with open eyes. The difficulty is that our democrats go in with an open mouth."

On Christianity: "I think it is gloriously dead intellectually and I think the French Revolution killed it."

On Yale students: "The Yale students have not the intellectual force of Harvard but they have all the irresistible charm of youth."

On mystics: "I like the fellows who tell you where they got their information from. These damned mystics with a private line to God ought to be compelled to disconnect."

On meeting Galsworthy: "So pure, so high-minded . . . that I wanted to shout for the *Folies Bergères*."

On Henry James: "If ever God made a lame cat, James was the boy. Culture without perception, delicate to the verge of delicacy . . . it all sounds to me like high middle-class life described from the angle of a natural-born valet."

On Kipling: "I saw no power of reflection, though there was a real gift of happy phrase . . . When he said anything especially good he looked up as if waiting for you to clap your hands."

On Churchill (1921): "Unquestionably he has real genius; but he lacks staying-power, and the egoism of his utterance would be appalling if he were not so obviously just a grown-up child."

On Holmes as a ladies' man: "At Haldane's on Sunday his sister said that she remembered you most perfectly in the 'nineties as the most perfect flirt in London. It was all, she said, in a way you had of cocking your eye that they found quite ravishing."

**A Hole in the Boat.** Cocking an older eye at the frail Laski's furious round of reading, writing, lecturing, politicking and literary party-going, Holmes continually warned his half-century junior against "working your machine too hard." Pithier than Laski and more profound, he matched him dictum for dictum, except that the Holmes dicta more often suggested the open mind than the clenched fist. Some of Holmes's views:

On the role of reason: "As I grow older I realize how limited a part reason has in the conduct of men. They believe what they want to—and although liable to shipwreck, they very generally get off with a hole in the bottom of their boat and stick an old coat into that."

On progress: "The attempt to lift up men's hearts by a belief in progress seems to me like the wish for spiritualism or miracles, to rest on not taking a large enough view or going far enough back."

On tradition: "Continuity with the past is not a duty, it is only a necessity."

On convention: "Man is an idealizing



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animal—and expresses his ideals (values) in the conventions of his time. I have very little respect for the conventions in themselves, but respect and generally try to observe those of my own environment."

On feminists: "With your belief in some apriorities like equality you may have difficulties [with the feminists]. I who believe in force (mitigated by politeness) have no trouble—and if I were sincere and were asked certain *whys* by a woman should reply, 'Because Ma'm I am the bull.'"

On the Sacco-Vanzetti case: "I think the row that has been made idiotical, if considered on its merits, but of course it is not on the merits that the row is made, but because it gives the extremists a chance to yell . . ."

**The Price of Beer.** On the rights of man: "I don't talk much of rights, as I see no meaning in the rights of man except what the crowd will fight for. I heard the original Agassiz (Louis) say that in some part of Germany there would be a revolution if you added a farthing to the cost of a glass of beer. If that was true, the current price was one of the rights of man at that place."

On his own atheism: "I can't help an occasional semi-shudder as I remember that millions of intelligent men think that I am barred from the face of God unless I change. But how can one pretend to believe what seems to him childish and devoid alike of historical and rational foundations?"

On Bernard Shaw: "I regard him as he once described himself, as a mountebank—good to make you laugh but not to be taken too seriously."

On Economist-Planner John Maynard Keynes: "Gifted cove—I suspect dogmatic and unprepossessing but seeing things."

On the fate of ideas: "When we were boys we used to run tiddlies on the frog pond in the Common—that is, jump from piece to piece of the ice, each being enough to jump from but sinking under you if you stopped. I said [to Brandeis], having ideas was like running tiddlies—if you stopped too long on one, it sank with you."

In his 92nd year, Holmes finally felt he could no longer keep up his end of the long dialogue. "If you keep a list of your charities," he wrote to Laski, "my name should lead all the rest . . . My affection is unabated—but I can no more. Please keep on writing to me." For two years and two months more, until Holmes's death, Laski loyally did.

## West Pointer with a Brush

THE MAN WHISTLER (276 pp.)—Hesketh Pearson—Harper (\$3.75).

In a West Point chemistry class one day in 1854, Cadet James Abbot Whistler was asked to discuss silicon. He began: "Silicon is a gas." "That will do, Mr. Whistler," said the professor—and shortly thereafter Cadet Whistler was handed his discharge papers. In later years, when he had made himself one of the finest



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painters of his day, he liked to say: "If silicon had been a gas, I would have been a general."

The episode foreshadowed more than a *bon mot*. When Whistler died (in 1903), his famed *Mother* was almost the only solid which he had not defined gaseously. Like rebellious painters of every era, he believed that his contemporaries never painted what they saw—only what professors had bullied them into believing they saw. In Whistler's magical eyes, all natural objects appeared to be misty, intangible "arrangements," "harmonies" and "symphonies" constructed of overlapping tones of light & shade—which may be why he crept up on an artist absorbed in painting a stone-for-stone facsimile of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice



WHISTLER

*Mother* was a very pretty bit of color, and chalked on his back in large letters: "I AM TOTALLY BLIND."

**Correcting Nature.** Author Hesketh Pearson has proved his skill as an anecdotal biographer before this, e.g., in *G.B.S.*, *Disraeli*, *Dickens*, *Oscar Wilde*. In *The Man, Whistler*, he does a similarly deft job on an expatriate Yankee who was not only the most uncrushable wit of his day but an artist who believed he existed to correct and perfect Nature itself.

One of Whistler's first corrections concerned his registered birthplace, Lowell, Mass. "I shall be born when and where I want," said Whistler, "and I do not choose to be born at Lowell." He was not averse to Baltimore, or even St. Petersburg, where his father had lived when building railroads for Czar Nicholas I. and occasionally accepted one of them as his birthplace.

Having next revised his name (dropping "Abbot" as gloomy and substituting his mother's name McNeill), he went

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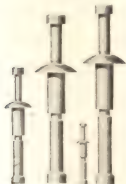
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to work on his character. He decided to be a West Point-trained officer & gentleman, and though his difficulties with chemistry brought his military career to a sudden halt, he kept what he regarded as his military manners to the end. Moreover, he held that the rudeness of Englishmen (amongst whom he spent most of his life) was in no way a result of his rudeness to them but simply a consequence of their not having had the advantage of a West Point training.

**Courtly Bow.** Whistler's professional "mission" was "revealing the Thames to the people who lived on it but had previously only seen it as a stretch of water." His avocation was what he called "the gentle art of making enemies." A lady who asked him if he thought a certain sketch indecent was told, "No, madam, but your question is." When one of his students who had painted a "red elbow with green shadows" argued, "I am sure I just paint what I see," the Master answered, "Ah, but the shock will come when you see what you paint."

His Sunday breakfasts were famous in Chelsea. Guests sat on packing-cases (Whistler rarely unpacked) and the Master served up buckwheat cakes and molasses. Sunday was also the day when he conducted his mother to the Chelsea parish church, leaving her at the door with a courtly bow. When friends said that they found it hard to believe that he had a mother, he answered: "Yes, indeed I have a mother, and a very pretty bit of color she is." Author Pearson does not say what Whistler's mother thought of her son's illegitimate children (he had two) and multitudinous mistresses, but he mentions that out of deference to the old lady, Whistler tried not to paint on Sunday.

**Preacher to the End.** "There never was," Whistler declared, "an artistic period. There never was an art-loving nation." This meant, as Whistler saw it, that the artist might fight the Philistine with every available weapon. He was convinced, for example, that even after a painting was sold, it remained the property of the painter, and his purchasers must resent his habit of demanding his paintings returned to him.

As he grew older, his wit became crude as well as spiteful, his endless libel suits and squabbles a bore to his friends. His wealth and fame only made him bitter, when he looked back on the hard times which had preceded them. He never gave up his favorite role of preaching the "truth" of life and art to the world at large—and at the end the world at large became tired of listening.

In his last court case, after everyone else had spouted endlessly in the witness box, Whistler himself entered it. "deliberately placed his hat on the rail . . . leisurely pulled off his gloves, carefully adjusted his monocle" and said to the judge, "And now, my lord, may I tell you why we are all here?" To which his lordship replied with gentle finality: "No, Mr. Whistler. We are all here because we cannot help it."





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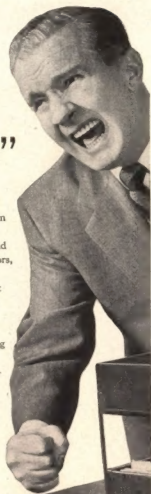
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## MISCELLANY

**Rebuttal.** In Norwalk, Calif., Fire Extinguisher Salesman Lionel Richards, resenting the way Thomas Beauchamp pulled up alongside him at an intersection and bawled him out for speeding, grabbed a butane flame-thrower out of the back seat, barbecued Beauchamp's car.

**Good Intentions.** In Sandusky, Mich., Robert Jolin, accused by sheriff's officers of planning a jailbreak, insisted he had dug out the bricks from his cell wall just to "walk around town for a little while" in the evening, was backed up by a lie detector, which indicated that he was telling the truth.

**On Second Thought.** In Ely, Nev., Al Volkart placed a notice in the *Ely Daily Times*: "My advertisement of Jan. 24 was an error. I will be responsible for my wife's debts."

**Audition.** In Detroit, Judge Vincent Brennan settled a complicated contract suit between a singer and an orchestra leader, then broke into a ditty 'to the tune of *April Showers*, said: "I just wanted you to know that I was musically qualified to decide the case."

**Hair Raising.** In Chicago, Mrs. Helen Lucas, after testifying that she had spoiled her husband's romance with another woman by hiding his toupee, got a divorce, then generously gave back the toupee since she "had no desire to handicap him in his future romantic adventures."

**Substitution.** In Lake Geneva, Wis., members of the Methodist Church Adult Fellowship dropped a scheduled discussion of "The Women—What Should Be Done About Them and How Do We Go About It," instead talked about "The Devil."

**Putting Shot.** In Adrian, Mich., Tecumseh High School Basketball Forward Jim Wilson, annoyed because he thought his team had just lost to Hillsdale High, disgustingly heaved the ball the length of the court, made a surprise basket to tie the score as the final whistle blew, went on to win the game with two baskets in the overtime period.

**Self-Incrimination.** In Knoxville, Tenn., Robert Miller asked police to arrest John Long for theft, was arrested himself when Long said it was not money he had stolen but illegal whisky.

**Rash Venture.** In Santa Rosa, Calif., Store Executive Charles DeMore good-naturedly helped Boy Scout Troop 25 set up a camping scene exhibit in his display window as part of a citywide contest, spent the next two days in bed nursing a head-to-toe poison-oak rash, learned that the exhibit had won the first prize for, among other things, "realism."

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STRAIGHT BOURBON

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF  
OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY.

# More people smoke **CAMELS** than any other cigarette!



CHARLTON HESTON's newest movie is "PONY EXPRESS".



He is one of Hollywood's newest exciting stars.



Like so many stars, Charlton Heston is a Camel smoker.



B. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.  
Washington, D.C.

*There must be a reason why* Camel is by far America's most popular cigarette. And that reason can be only one thing: *greater smoking enjoyment!*

What better evidence could there be that you'll like *Camels* best, too? Try Camels this sensible way: smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how Camel's mildness and flavor please you, pack after pack! You'll see why more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!



*Why did you change to Camels,*

**CHARLTON  
HESTON?**

I'VE SMOKED MOST OF THE LEADING BRANDS AND FOUND THAT **CAMELS** SUIT ME THE BEST. I CAN COUNT ON THEM FOR **MILDNESS AND FLAVOR** EVERY TIME!



**Start your own 30-day Camel Mildness Test today!**